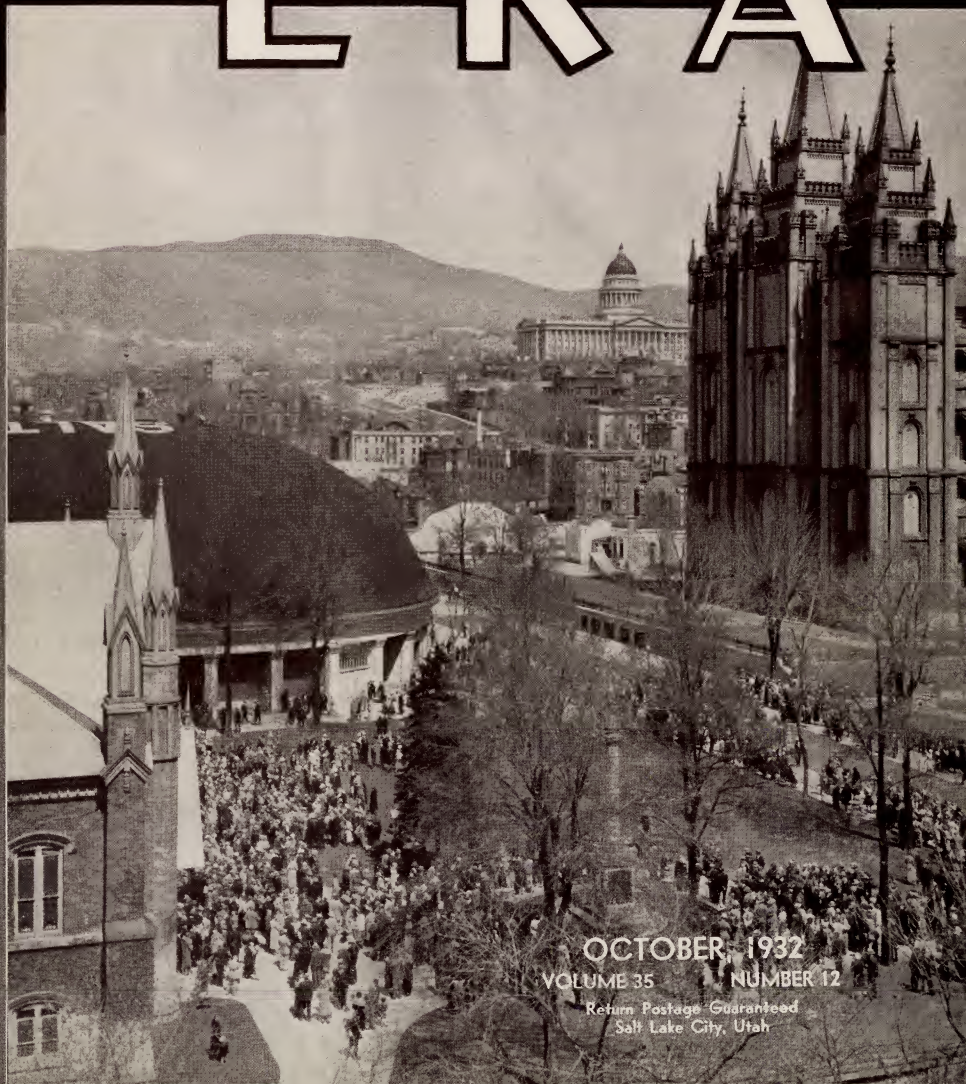


The Improvement **ERA**



OCTOBER, 1932
VOLUME 35 NUMBER 12

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The Improvement ERA

Vol. 35, No. 12

OCTOBER, 1932

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations
and the Department of Education

FORECAST

THIS number closes Volume 35 of *The Improvement Era*. With the November issue the Thirty-sixth volume will get under way, and the editors are hopeful that it will mark an advance in Latter-day Saint publication. In addition to the general authorities of the Church, many distinguished men and women as well as scores of comparatively unknown writers will find avenue for expression through the pages of the magazine. Undoubtedly in the next volume will be found many pronouncements which will be of vital importance to the people of the world as well as to all members of the Church in every land. *The Improvement Era*, in reality, becomes an international magazine with thousands of readers in various countries of the world.

THE Gift Horse," an unusually interesting story by Ruth Hunt, was crowded out of the October issue by timely matters, but will appear in November. Watch for it.

THE COVER

THE cover for October is from a photograph by George K. "Gorkee" Lewis, a Salt Lake man who is now one of the important photographers for one of America's leading View companies—Keystone Pictures. The photograph was taken last spring from the roof of the Church's newest Hotel.

ELDER JOHN A. WIDTSOE, eleventh member of the quorum of the Twelve, will be the subject of the next sketch written by President Bryant S. Hinckley.

For Every Member of the Family

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EDITORIAL

Harrison R. Merrill
Managing Editor



Heber J. Grant, Editor

Elsie Talmage Brandley
Associate Editor

A Promise

LET me beg of you to have the joy, the happiness and the peace that will come into your hearts as the result of doing your duty. I promise you that the Lord will bless you; I promise you that your financial troubles will disappear if you will only be absolutely honest with the Lord and economical—not extravagant.

Never waste anything. Let us be economical as the servants of the Lord, and I promise you peace, joy, and happiness here, and eternal joy in the life to come.

THIS promise is an extract from a speech given by President Heber J. Grant. While it was made some time ago, President Grant has re-read it and authorized its publication.

"Man is that he may have joy."

Service is the key to happiness. The man who does not pay his tithing, if he knows that the Gospel is true, if he knows that God lives, if he knows that Jesus is the Christ, the Savior of the world, and that Joseph Smith was a true Prophet of God, will find that this knowledge will rob him of perfect happiness.

Autumn Color

TO a young person, maturity, age and senility are virtually synonymous. Parents are old because they are parents, no matter how many, or how few, years have passed over their heads. Age is dull, because youth has passed, and parents' lives therefore must be dull. These children, despite any attempt to convince them to the contrary, refuse to consider seriously any statement or other evidence of the fact that older people may be truly happy, and the idea that advancing years might bring new degrees of joy is barely short of nonsense.

That is a desirable condition, for it means that as they grow old these doubtful ones will find a pleasant surprise awaiting them—that of finding themselves growing happier as they grow older. They do not find themselves more exuberant, more hilarious, more active physically or more successfully able to endure strenuous living; but they do realize that a measure of contentment, of peace of mind, of appreciation of true values, has come into their lives. And then it is that they begin to believe the words of all who have written and sung about true happiness.

Browning's lines—

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be—
The last of life,
For which the first was made"—

have become immortal, for in them is the hope which adolescence might regard as impossible of fulfillment. Another poet, name unknown, has said the same thing in a modern way, in a verse called "October" which reads:

"October is brown in field and row,
Yet goldenrod, and golden glow,
Purple asters and ruddy oaks,

Sumach spreading crimson cloaks,
Apples red and pumpkins gold—
Perhaps it's gayer to be old!"

To lovers of Browning the second verse may not bear comparison with the first lines; to the new generation of post-war poetry lovers who feel that to be worthwhile a thing must be spicy and different, the second stanza should carry some weight. To lovers of life who feel that every year is the happiest year, the bits of philosophy with the same fundamental meaning but expressed in different ways, both carry truth. One generation may not write in the same mood as another, and the language of one sometimes lacks clearness to the other, but when sincerity is in both, and truth, and charm, it is worth the time and effort it may require for one to learn to enjoy the ways of the other.

Not only in writing have styles changed—but in everything else as well. Speech is less studied, behavior is more free and informal, clothing is less bulky and not so carefully made, meals are planned quickly and prepared the same way. At the same time, speech is likely to be quite as sincere, for the new way of doing things has small place for the politeness which is merely a form; informality in manner carries an ease which makes people comfortable; clothing seems sufficient, for there is far less rheumatism than of old; sketchy meals are usually well balanced. Though the old way has its faults and its advantages, as has the new, the beauties of both outweigh the negative features by all odds. One of the finest courses in school or out of school one can take is a course in appreciation of other generations. Adulthood, if it has a good memory, is more likely to understand the period of youth than youth can under-

stand the maturity which it has not yet experienced. In this course of other-generation-appreciation, the two major subjects might be "Youth like spring—always lovely, always impetuous, always green," and "Maturity like October—lovely, tranquil and colorfully gay." Browning and the anonymous modern poet both are right, for they said the same thing in the manner of their time—the last of life is the

part for which the first was made. Perhaps it is gayer to be old. And this is a fact which should bring more joy to those now in the April of life than those in the October. Maturity already is happily conscious of the truth of the two poetic statements; the former, looking forward to it, should find more happiness along the way which leads to life's colorful October.—E. T. B.

"We Stand for the Enrichment of Life---"

ALL Latter-day Saints and most all other right thinking men surely can subscribe to the idea expressed in the M. I. A. slogan for 1932-33: "We stand for the enrichment of life through the creative use of leisure and personal service to fellowman."

In that statement is to be found the heart-beat of Christianity—the very kernel of the Master's message. Jesus stood for the enrichment of life—abundant life, abundant living. He was no narrow demagogue fasting and praying in public to be seen of men. He had but few years, but he lived them to the full. He was a social being enjoying his associations with his fellow men. He attended the wedding feast; He ate with publicans and sinners; He visited with his friends Martha and Mary and Lazarus.

How He dignified those social occasions! His friends hung upon His words! His conversation must have been worth listening to. Who would not love to spend an hour with such a gentle philosopher, with such an all-knowing friend? Surely visiting with Him would be using leisure time well, would be enriching one's life. And yet Martha spent her time with pots and pans.

"Now it came to pass, as they went, that He entered into a certain village: and a certain woman

named Martha received Him into her house. And she also had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His word.

"But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to Him, and said, 'Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me!'"

"And Jesus answered and said unto her, 'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her!'"

Martha was careful about many things. She evidently owned the house. She was a good cook and prided herself in her housekeeping. What a gentle rebuke—"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things," but the Master gently urged the fact that of one thing she was not careful enough—her mind, her immortal soul. "But ONE thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, *which shall not be taken away from her.*"

Martha might lose her house in a stock crash; she might eventually have nothing to cook, but Mary was in no such danger. Her soul was to be hers forever.—H. R. M.

Elder Victor E. Lee Passes

WHAT a burden a few words can carry! Early in August twelve words dotted and dashed wormed their way under thousands of miles of water and over hundreds of miles of mountain and valley to the office of the First Presidency. Translated into English they were: "Word from Vauvau Elder Lee Afton Wyoming died typhoid Inform Nels Lee.—Cutler."

That was all — twelve short words, but they must have dropped like lead into the hearts of family and friends in Afton, Wyoming.

On September 12, 1930, nearly a year before his brother, Jesse K. Lee, returned from the Texas Mission, Victor was set apart and left to fill a mission in Tonga. He went away—hardly twenty-one—with the light of truth in his eyes and joy in his heart. On August



first, or near that date, 1932, he passed away.

The young elder was the son of N. P. and Florence A. Lee, of Afton, where he was born and reared. He performed his duty as he saw it and God will not forget him though his body lies in far off Tonga. Near blood relatives cannot now visit his resting place, but brothers and sisters will visit him often—brothers and sisters of the Gospel—and will keep alive in their hearts the memory of a fine youth who came to save them from the sins of the world and gave his life in the cause.

His relatives in Afton will keep in their hearts always the picture of a victorious young crusader. He will not grow old. He will not lose his vigor. He will remain forever a pleasant memory of youth.—H. R. M. and E. T. B.

Sunset

By L. PAUL ROBERTS

Illustrations by Mary Roberts

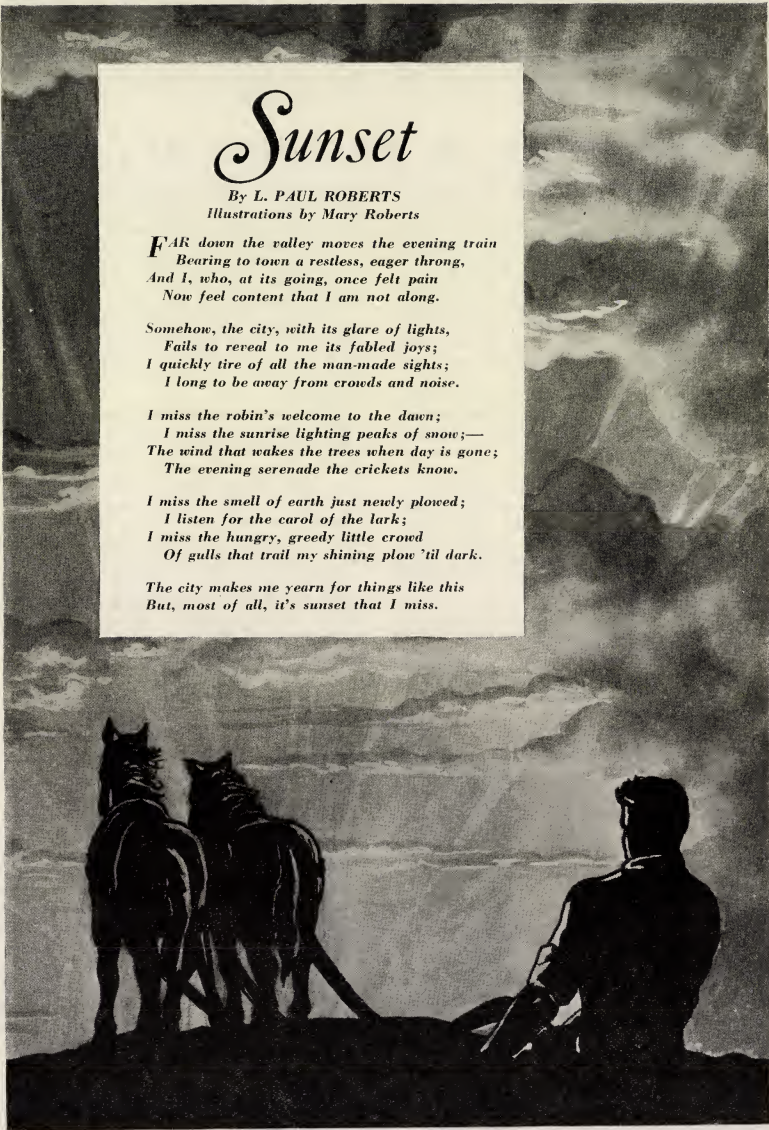
FAR down the valley moves the evening train
Bearing to town a restless, eager throng,
And I, who, at its going, once felt pain
Now feel content that I am not along.

Somehow, the city, with its glare of lights,
Fails to reveal to me its fabled joys;
I quickly tire of all the man-made sights;
I long to be away from crowds and noise.

I miss the robin's welcome to the dawn;
I miss the sunrise lighting peaks of snow;—
The wind that wakes the trees when day is gone;
The evening serenade the crickets know.

I miss the smell of earth just newly plowed;
I listen for the carol of the lark;
I miss the hungry, greedy little crowd
Of gulls that trail my shining plow 'til dark.

The city makes me yearn for things like this
But, most of all, it's sunset that I miss.



Pilgrims of the Light

By C. Frank Steele

Many missionaries and members of the Church have joined this modern caravan of "Pilgrims of the Light," others may enjoy the trip with C. Frank Steele.

SUMMER time is "Caravan Time" in the Northwestern States mission. It is then that members of the church and missionaries from all parts of the mission turn their faces northward toward the Alberta temple, that beautiful shrine of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints which, rising very close to the boundary line of the two countries, forms a link of peace and goodwill — may it be everlasting peace and goodwill — between Canada and the United States.

These earnest saints — Pilgrims of the Light — do not trudge dusty roads afoot, or tediously traverse them on donkeys as did the zealous folk of ancient Israel in their journeys to Jerusalem and the ancient House of the Lord. These Northwestern States mission parties, Alberta-bound speed swiftly over smooth, well maintained highways through the pleasant valleys and plains of Washington to the international border, thence on to the temple at Cardston. This motor drive through one of the alluring sections of the northwest is in itself a delightful unfolding of scenic beauties, a panorama of great wheat fields, teeming orchards, rugged mountains and cold, crystal streams foaming over rocky beds from the feet of glaciers. What an inspiring and thrilling culmination to this journey is the sight of the great White Temple, its

chaste, massive columns and straight lines suggesting some ancient Nephite shrine.

A non-Mormon writer, in view-

the Mormons does one find the spiritual and material interwoven, not in an individual but in an entire people; so intimate a combination of religion and keen, shrewd business sense."



International Boundary Dividing Canada and the United States near Cardston, the Temple City.

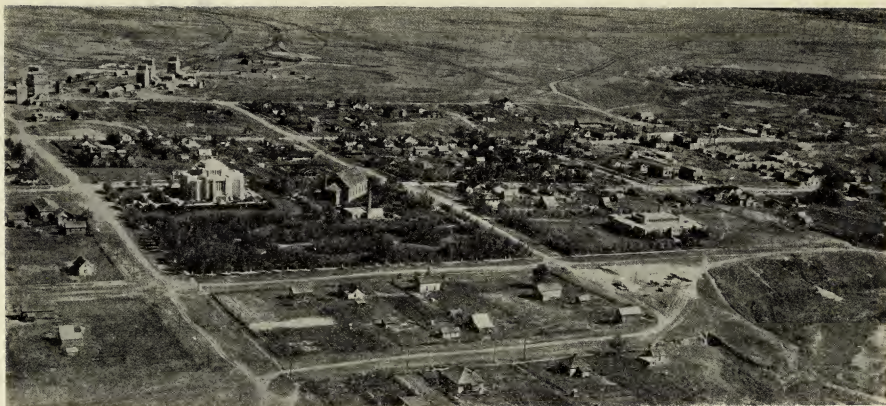
ing this almost exotic picture of a classic edifice in the heart of a western plains town, says with fine insight: "The transcendent temple and the stolid town typify in a measure the mixture of qualities that go to make up one of the most singular elements in the population of the dominion of Canada. Perhaps nowhere else as among

THE father of this temple caravan movement was William R. Sloan, President of the Northwestern States mission, himself a former resident of Alberta. It came about in a way that leaves no doubt as to its timeliness and inspiration. President Sloan was set apart to preside over the mission in October, 1926, by President Heber J. Grant. The first city visited during his initial tour of the mission was Tacoma, Washington, and at the conference of missionaries and saints held on that occasion President Sloan says the Spirit directed him to speak on genealogical and temple work.

During the conference also, a survey was made revealing that fewer than ten per cent of the members of the

church in attendance had received the blessings obtainable only in the House of the Lord. Immediately, testifies the mission president, "The Spirit came to me and it seemed as though this question was asked me — 'What greater work could you do than to convert these good people to the importance of this responsible duty?'"

The spirit of Elijah rested abundantly on this servant of God



Airplane View of Cardston, Canada, and the Canadian Temple (left).

as he proceeded from branch to branch bearing testimony to the restoration of the keys of vicarious work for the dead and the need for renewed interest in temple ordinances generally. The idea of a mission caravan to the Alberta temple was taking form the while and when at the April conference in Salt Lake City he presented the matter to the First Presidency for their approval the necessary authority was given. Returning to his mission, President Sloan immediately launched plans for the first pilgrimage to the House of the Lord in Canada.

FOUR caravans have now been conducted to the temple and the work done by the saints and missionaries has been extensive as the following figures will reveal: baptisms, 3656; endowments, 3767; ordinations, 1613; sealings, 560; children sealed to parents, 1225.

Behind these statistics glows the inspiration that has spread to all sections of the Northwestern States mission, and the renewed faith in God and this great latter-day work. President Sloan testifies that the caravans have carried a wonderful influence to the homes of the saints, and to the missionaries increased determination and enthusiasm in their labors. "They have found that missionary work is intimately connected with temple work and their experiences help them to readjust themselves on their return home," observes the mission president.

Waiting

By Frank Steele

*HE is restless and queer,
And he patters around
His tidy front garden
Where poppies abound;
The children oft come
To the old cowboy's door,
For stories and riddles
He spins by the score.*

*His hearing is failing,
His hair now is gray
As one who is waiting
His eyes look away
To the gathering shadows
That dance on the plain;
And mem'ries are kindled,
He is young again.*

*He lives them all over,
The glimmering years:
The songs of the night-heer
Are sweet to his ears;
The smell of the meadows,
The whispering streams,
The dark, drifting cattle
Return in his dreams.*

*Bill Finnigan's fiddle,
The Carson's guitars
Send rollicking reels
To the listening stars;
And yonder is "Irish",
A genuine pard;
He has always a song
When the going is hard.*

*These old friends return
To gladden his heart
When the long day is gone
And the children depart;
And he dreams too of love,
Of moonlight and mating,
And scans the old trail
As one who is waiting.*

ELDER EDWARD J. WOOD, president of the Alberta temple at Cardston, in expressing his approval of this unique development in temple work, says: "I have yet to experience any excursion or company visit to our temple that compares with the actual good done to all concerned as I have witnessed in the Northwestern States mission caravans." And President Joseph R. Shepherd of the Logan temple, makes this significant remark in a communication to the Northwestern States mission: "You are accomplishing in your mission something that will distinguish your missionaries from those of any other mission, and we at the Logan temple can already see it."

That the Lord recognizes the temple caravan movement is attested in the many remarkable spiritual blessings enjoyed by the faithful who have gone to the Lord's house in the spirit of worship and devotion. Surely the signs have followed the believers. As the mission records disclose, many striking manifestations of divine favor have been witnessed including the hearing of heavenly choirs by many. Healings have been frequent.

In 1929 one sister who had been a sufferer from a serious internal affliction for years testified as follows: "President Sloan, I came here in faith that the Lord would heal me. I gave my name to be prayed for in the prayer circle. I am now returning home

and desire to bear testimony to you that I am a well woman. My infirmities through faith have been healed."

PRESIDENT WOOD promised the missionaries that same year that if they desired any special blessings in righteousness and exercised the necessary faith it would be granted them. One of the missionaries, whose name is on the historical record of the mission, arose and told the congregation that his wife at home was suffering greatly from goitre and that he was much concerned over her condition. President Wood promised him in the name of the Lord that his wife should be made whole and well. The following year the missionary's wife journeyed to Cardston to meet her husband who had been honorably released, and she was then completely healed of her affliction.

A member of the church from Cascade, Montana, was also miraculously healed. He had been ill for a year and a half and for many months was confined to his bed. Later, he had walked on crutches and at the time of the caravan in 1929 was walking very feebly with the help of a cane. After receiving an administration in the temple he walked out of the holy house without his cane and seemingly was completely healed.

These instances of healing might be multiplied for there have been others quite as impressive. The journey to the temple entails a real sacrifice on the part of many; it is a valuable discipline in faith. But how gloriously have these sacrifices called down the "blessings of heaven" to the living and doubtless also to the dead awaiting the ministrations here of these "Saviours on Mount Zion."

"The 1931 Caravan proved fully as successful as those preceding it and proved a source of renewed inspiration and strength to both missionaries and saints. Spiritual blessings came to those who engaged in ordinance work for the living and the dead and additional testimonies of healing were given."

*LIFE is marching to music in the rain—
The streets are windy and the sky is dark—
But who shall call the weary marching vain
Or contradict that living is a task?
—Harry Elmore Hurd.*



To President A. W. Ivins

Lovingly Dedicated to President Anthony W. Ivins on his Eightieth Birthday

By Ruth May Fox

GOD called;
He answered, "Here am I,
Thy servant, Lord."

Then forth he faced into the great
unknown
A compass in his hand
God's precious gift.

It led him not through meadows green
and cool
Where limpid streamlets lured him
with their song
Ah, no.

The flow'ry path was not for him
His feet must tread the desert's scorching
sands

Where thorns and creeping things in-
fest his way
And weird, fantastic shadows haunt
the night

Where thunders crash from tow'ring
crag to peak
And raging torrents tear away their
banks

To still dash on their reckless, ruinous
way.

To him, at times the waste was sancti-
fied

The broad expanse of gleaming, shift-
ing sands

The cloudless sky, the vague and dis-
tant hills
The awesome calm, the supernatural
light

When stars march forth in excellent
array,
Those constant guardians of the silent
night
How oft beneath their splendor he had
lain
In reo'rant adoration.

How still it is,
How marvelous the peace,
How near he seems to God;
The whispering of the midnight
breeze,
Lull him to slumber
As might an angel's lullabye.

Now from the summit of his fruitful
years,
Erect he stands upon the glorious
height,
His arm outstretched toward the arid
land
He sees again the glist'ning shifting
sands,

The turbulent stream;
And from the fullness of his heart,
Cries out
O wondrous world of solitude
I love you.



President and Mrs. Anthony W. Ivins

Greatness in Men

Thousands have enjoyed the magic of Elder Melvin J. Ballard's golden voice in both song and sermon. Pres. Hinckley has made his article glow with the same spirit which accompanies the speaking of the subject of this article.



MELVIN J. BALLARD

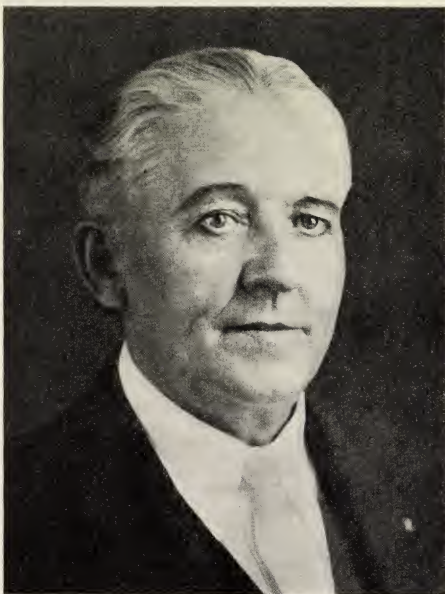
By BRYANT S. HINCKLEY

"I'll go where you want me to go, Dear Lord, Over mountain or plain or sea. I'll say what you want me to say, Dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be."

THESE words are typical of the life and service of Apostle Melvin J. Ballard, who at a General Conference several years ago sang them with great effect, his voice and life ringing true to the sentiments they express.

"He had all the qualities of a great orator: command of himself, warm sympathy, responsive intellect, splendid repartee, the power to flash, the language of the people, a wonderful magnetism, and an earnestness that made him the unconscious hero of the cause he espoused," was said of Wendell Phillips. These words need neither modification nor abridgment when applied to Melvin J. Ballard who is preeminently a preacher, a crusader for righteousness, a gifted and eloquent evangelist.

His dauntless courage, his fine personality, the tone and quality of his spirituality, his zeal for the truth, his love for humanity, his settled and supreme faith in the restored gospel, his radiant and glorious conception of its meaning and mission—combine to make



Melvin J. Ballard

him one of the most popular and powerful exponents of the truth in this dispensation. He is a spiritual leader. All his admonitions and exhortations are permeated with hope and abound with good cheer. His words impart comfort, banish doubt, inspire confidence. There is no indecision in his action. He is practical, patient, prudent, progressive, and at the same time fearless. Melvin J. Ballard

is a man of prophetic vision, and deep spirituality, which is controlled by a well balanced mind. His poise and sanity impart confidence to all that he says. There is something majestic in his conception of religion and something altogether satisfying in the exalted place which he gives man in the cosmic universe. He is, we repeat, a spiritual leader, much sought after as a speaker, and consequently addresses a great many people, probably more than any other man in the Church. It is pleasant to listen to him. He has a clear, musical, well-modulated voice with an unusual carrying capacity — a fluency and native eloquence which, backed by a sublime and exalted faith in the cause to which he has given his unqualified allegiance, have made him

an outstanding advocate of the Gospel of the Master. His faith and diligence have been rewarded by many marvelous and convincing testimonies confirming the divinity and genuineness of the message which he bears.

MELVIN J. BALLARD was born of sturdy immigrant pioneer parents and grew up in a home where faith, service, and sacrifice were effectively fostered and where all the rugged virtues that

make for sound living were cultivated. His father, Henry Ballard, for almost forty years bishop of the Logan Second Ward, came from London, arriving in Utah in 1852 and was one of the outstanding pioneers of Cache Valley. He was a man of sterling integrity and unconquerable faith. His mother, Margaret McNiel Ballard, of Scotch descent, was a woman of most extraordinary character and leadership who served as president of the Relief Society of the same ward for thirty years. One need only scan the life of this inspired and intrepid soul to understand the source from which Apostle Ballard received his finest inheritance, for many of his outstanding characteristics were clearly shown in the life of his good mother. Her family left their native country, Scotland, when she was ten years of age—1856—and arrived in Ogden, Utah, on the fourth day of October, 1859, after a journey marked with extreme hardships and sufferings. She says: "I walked every step of the way across the plains and drove a cow, and a large part of the way carried my brother, James, on my back." James was five years of age and she only thirteen. Permeating this life of sacrifice is a spirit of gratitude and a quality of faith which mark her as a heroine.

Melvin J. Ballard's life is an expression of the atmosphere of the home in which he was reared. Every morning and every night his parents and their children knelt in prayer at the family altar and every day they sought to live the religion of Him to whom they prayed. From firesides such as this have come the men and women who made America great and who have furnished the faith and sinew and leadership of this Church. The faith which warmed their hearts and glowed at their fireside is the faith that has conquered the wilderness and the waste places, and made the desert smile with plenty. Melvin J. Ballard learned from his cradle the lessons of service and sacrifice. They

are a part of his very nature. As a deacon, he chopped wood for the widows, cared for the meeting house, and performed errands of mercy and service for the president of the Relief Society, his mother, and for the Bishop of the Ward, his father. As a teacher and afterwards as a priest, he magnified his calling and did it with a cheerful-

enough to live forever. One philosopher has said, "How studiously many men sink into nameless graves, while a few forget themselves into immortality."

THIS is in brief the chronicle of his life: He was born February 9, 1873, in Logan, Cache County, Utah. His boyhood days were spent on the farm doing the common work incident to farming. He attended the public schools of Logan and the Brigham Young College, from which institution he was graduated in 1894 and after graduation became a member of the faculty and taught music in that institution. On June 17, 1896, he married Martha A. Jones and in less than three weeks time thereafter was set apart as a missionary to labor with Elders B. H. Roberts and George D. Pyper who were holding meetings in the large cities of the United States. He continued in this special missionary service for several months when Elders Roberts and Pyper were released; he remained and was assigned to the Northern States Mission, where he labored as a missionary until December, 1898. Upon

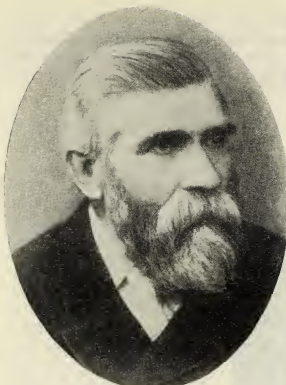


Martha A. Jones Ballard

ness and efficiency that won the confidence of his leaders and the love of the people. All his life he has been a cheerful worker. No idle day can be charged against him. "The lineage of idleness is never long nor strong," but the rewards of diligence are everlasting. Few men of his age have given more generously of their time and talents to their Church and to their people. His service has always been of a superior quality and has often been given at the price of personal sacrifice. Any great cause calls for sacrifice and those who pay this price never waver in their allegiance to it. Somehow, sacrifice is the price of the most precious things in all human experience. The names history cherishes are the names of men of this type. Only "a man too simply great to achieve for his proper self" is great

his return he became actively engaged in business and assisted in organizing the Logan Knitting Factory and was also prominent among the organizers of the Logan Commercial Club, serving for two terms as its President and as a director.

He served for six and one-half years as counselor in the Bishopric in the Logan Second Ward and for two years as high counselor in the Cache Stake. He soon became recognized as a speaker of exceptional ability and his services were in constant demand. In the winter of 1902 and 1903 he was called on a short term mission to Boise, Idaho, where he assisted Elder Joseph W. McMurrin in organizing the scattered saints living in that locality, into a branch of the Church. This resulted subsequently in the organization of the Boise Stake of Zion. He was not only actively engaged in religious



Henry Ballard



Melvin J. Ballard as a Young Man



Margaret McNeil Ballard

and business matters when at home, but was also active in a civil capacity, serving as City Councilman of Logan. For many years he was chorister of the Logan Second Ward and for seventeen years was chairman of the Cache Stake Tabernacle Choir. During this time he was instrumental in securing a pipe organ for the Logan Tabernacle.

ON April 6, 1909, he was set apart to preside over the North Western States Mission with headquarters at Portland, Oregon. He was then in his thirty-sixth year. He had already filled two missions and had a large and varied experience at home, so that he was eminently fitted for this responsible position. The entire mission soon felt the quickening power of his vitalizing touch, and from the zeal which burned in his own soul, he kindled the same fire in the hearts of his missionaries. His devotion soon won their affection, and likewise the esteem of the people with whom he mingled. He did a memorable work in this field and distinguished himself as a leader, as an administrator, as an advocate, and as a defender of the faith. During this time he had five hundred and fifty-five missionaries, the saints erected fifteen chapels and

the mission made great progress.

He had presided there for nearly ten years when he was called to the Apostleship, January 7, 1919. His mother had been dead less than nine months when this call came to him. For years she had carried in her heart the sweet assurance

given to Melvin as well, in a patriarchal blessing pronounced upon his head when he was nine years of age. This is a remarkable blessing which has been literally and gloriously fulfilled. But more remarkable still was a testimony given to him two years before his call to the apostleship came. Speaking of it at the time he was called he says:

"I know, as I know that I live, that this is God's work. * * * I have no more doubt about it than I have that I exist. I remember one little testimony, among the many testimonies which I have received. You will pardon me for referring to it. Two years ago, about this time, I had been on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation, for several days, with the

brethren, solving the problems connected with our work among the Lamanites. Many questions arose that we had to settle. There was no precedent for us to follow, and we just had to go to the Lord and tell him our troubles, and get inspiration and help from Him. On this occasion I had sought the Lord, * * * and that night I received a wonderful manifestation and an impression which has never left me. I was carried to this place, the Temple, into this room. I saw myself here with my brethren,



The Ballard Family
(About 15 years ago)

that some day her son, Melvin, would be numbered among the chosen apostles. This was revealed to her before he was born and she went to her grave with this assurance unfulfilled. Had she lived a few months longer this would have been confirmed. No earthly joy would have meant more to her.

THIS divine assurance was given not only his mother but was



Elders Wells and Ballard in South America



Elder and Mrs. Ballard on the summit of Hill Cumorah

and I was happy. * * * I was told there was one other privilege that was mine; and I was led into a room where I was informed I was to meet some one. As I entered the room I saw, seated on a raised platform, the most glorious Being I have ever conceived of, and was taken forward to be introduced to him. As I approached He smiled, called my name, and stretched out His hands towards me. If I live to be a million years old, I shall never forget that smile. He put His arms around me and kissed me, as He took me into His bosom, and He blessed me until my whole being was thrilled. As He finished I fell at His feet, and there saw the marks of the nails; and as I kissed them, with deep joy swelling through my whole being, I felt that I was in Heaven indeed. The feeling that came to my heart then was: 'Oh! if I could live worthy, though it would require four score years, so that in the end, when I have finished, I could go into His presence and receive the feeling that I then had in His presence, I would give everything that I am and ever hope to be.'



Elder Ballard by an image in South America

AT the April Conference of 1920 speaking of the resurrection of Christ, Elder Ballard said: "He arose from the dead and came forth in splendor, a resurrected immortal and eternal being. He then arose to the height of power, of glory, and of majesty and became the master of all things even death yielding to Him. . . We rejoice in the witness we have that

Jesus taught the truth, that the testimony of His disciples concerning His resurrection is the truth; we also know that the testimony of Joseph Smith and his brethren who looked upon the face of the Redeemer is true. I bear witness that I know what they have said

the wounds of the spear and also the prints of the nails in His hands. I know by the witness and revelations of God to me that Thomas told the truth. I know that Joseph Smith told the truth, for mine eyes have seen; for in the visions of the Lord to my soul I have seen Christ's face; I have heard His voice. I know that He lives, that He is the Redeemer of the world, and that He arose from the dead, a tangible and real individual. So shall all men rise in the resurrection from the dead." *Era*, Part II, Vol. 27, 942.

From the day of his call to the Apostleship to the present time he has with marked ability and with signal devotion carried forward the work given to him. On September 3, 1925, he was called in company with Rulon S. Wells and the late Rey L. Pratt, to open a mission in South America. They set out on this historic journey on November 3, 1925, and sailed from New York, on the 14th of that month, arriving in Buenos Aires on Sunday, December 6. No missionary work had been done in South America; there were, however, two or three families of saints residing there who had come from Germany, who were at the wharf to welcome the brethren. One of the important duties they had been commissioned to perform was to dedicate that land for the preaching of the Gospel. Accordingly, early in the morning of a beautiful summer day, December 25, they held a sacred service in a grove of weep-

(Continued on page 735)



ARE YOU A “Wet-Dry” or a “Dry-Dry”

By GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, JR.

THE most remarkable thing about the public mind is its ability to forget the lessons which it learns. As soon as the generation which fought and suffered from a war has passed on, it is not difficult for the next one to find justification to go to war again. In fact, remarkably many of the old guard again engage in the thing they once came to abhor. They forget its pain, its suffering, its distress, and because they see a temporary state of discomfiture, which could be quietly remedied, they often invite upon their heads all the greater evils which themselves then stay to vex and harass the would-be benefactors.

The people of these United States are at present reconsidering a problem, admittedly more complicated now than formerly, which has been a social, economic and political issue for many generations, and which the overwhelming majority of our citizens considered and attempted to dispose of when they wrote the Prohibition Amendment into the Constitution.

Its purpose was in a general way to correct a number of evil and unwholesome conditions in private and public life by removing a great contributing cause—drinking. This vast majority of both citizens and states considered that regulation had been tried, temperance had been taught; but the results must have been wholly unsatisfactory, or they would not have made such a great step as to enact the 18th Amendment.

SO we have it today, a measure of law, calculated to deny no

one any liberty necessary to individual or group happiness, but to help our citizens to help themselves, by removing the temptation and the agent whose effects were sufficiently undesirable that the legislatures of forty-six of our forty-eight states, wishing to remove them, ratified this constitutional amendment.

That was thirteen and fourteen years ago. The immediate results of prohibition seemed satisfactory to us. The public had not yet forgotten that it, of its own free will and choice, had enacted this legislation. No one at that time cried that something had been put over on us, or that we were being forced (as a political majority) to do a thing we did not want to do.

Admittedly, those who wished to drink, or to traffic in drink were not particularly pleased by the law, but they realized that the majority of their fellow citizens had spoken; that they did not desire to tolerate the burdens which their (the drinkers') habits imposed on their soberer fellows, who, the polls clearly indicated were in the overwhelming majority.

SINCE that time, those who desire to use and sell drink freely have actively fostered their interests, while on the other hand, the dryer faction has to a considerable extent felt that its cause was finally and conclusively won. All during that time drinkers have been antagonistic to the 18th Amendment. They are today, and I see no reason why they should not be, for it restricts to a great extent their habit, either directly or indirectly.

And so, trusting in the public's ability to forget—to forget what its own reaction to free liquor was—to forget that it, and no one else, revolted there against and enacted our present prohibitory legislation, these interests have made a number of representations to the people of the United States which distort the facts of our present conditions.

This they have done effectively enough that many people who themselves do not drink and who desire to see others also abstain, have accepted these conclusions as facts. It is to them principally that I would write at this time, for I am presuming that the reader of this article desires to see less, and not more of drinking. And I firmly believe that the majority of people, in their honest thinking, are of this persuasion, prohibition or no prohibition. Peculiarly, the words “Wet” and “Dry” have taken on an odd political significance, so that a person says I am “dry,” personally, but “wet” on the prohibition issue, etc.

Wets and dries are not divided on a basis of goodness or badness, nor are drinkers and abstainers to be so narrowly categorized. All drinkers are not wicked, nor are all abstainers particularly good. Life's complexes are too multifarious to so conclude, so let no reader feel that his habits on this issue alone entitle him to condemnation or approbation.

But it is a present issue and we must face its facts honestly, whether we wish to drink or to abstain, and if we are sensible and intelligent citizens, we will do it in the spirit of true American lib-

erty—liberty with law—liberty which reaches as far as the majority of its citizens say it shall; not necessarily as far as the sensational press or the bombastic partisan says it shall, but as far as the citizenry in an orderly and regular way says it shall.

LET us consider a few of the popular objections to the present system and see if they are adequate to convince "Drys by habit" that they should vote wet for the public good. The majority of people, both wet and dry, some time admit that if no one drank liquor we would all be better off. The disputes arise as to the method.

State after state, and then the nation said, "This habit from both the personal and social standpoint is a matter of fact, and not degree." The moderate-drinker idea did not get much support in pre-1918 days, because the experience of society was against it; and when it is used today as a cry for a change in law, let us not be deceived about the ability of groups of people to be moderate in the use of a beverage, whose outstanding character is its quality of creating a desire for nothing but more of itself.

Have you ever been told that the 18th Amendment was put across by the women of the U. S. while the boys were overseas? What are the facts? Could the women have put it over when they didn't get the franchise until after the 18th Amendment was law? Their right to vote, in the majority of states did not exist until the 19th Amendment. And where were the boys? The Congressmen who voted "yes" for the 18th Amendment in 1918 were elected in 1912-14-16, before the U. S. ever entered the war, and were put there, many of them, on this very issue, by the "boys" themselves, who were all still at home, as much as by any one else.

HAS prohibition increased drinking among young or old? In considering this and the following questions, which are not plain bits of history, (as were the first), let us realize that the interworking causes and factors in group behavior are always numerous, and today with our complex living, working and recreational conditions, are legion. Any one who says one cause created one effect in our lives today is surely naive and

unscientific in his rationalizing. It takes a genius to trace cause and effect in group behavior. So with the causes of any popular habit. Let us bear this in mind.

Dan Beard, then and now a youth worker, says: "Wild? Wild? we don't know what wild boys are in these days. Why, when I was a boy in Kentucky people thought there was something wrong with a boy if he hadn't been drunk by the time he was fifteen years old. Youngsters drank then as they'll never drink again. At least we've chased the saloon up the dark alleys, and off the main streets. Its a finer, cleaner America we're living in now, and its a finer, cleaner American we're getting ready to run things when we're gone."

Prohibition sent the per capita consumption of beverage alcohol downward like the tail of a spent rocket. Under license and regulation, the drink consumption of the nation had climbed up from 4.08 gallons in 1850 to 22.8 gallons in 1911. Local and county prohibition had slowed down the ratio of increase after the 90's; state wide prohibition reversed the trend and cut off over three gallons from the per capita figure before the U. S. entered the war; lopped off four gallons more before wartime prohibition and with national constitutional prohibition eliminated 20 of the nearly 23 gallons all time high of 1911.

Any increase in any group since prohibition is due to the "respectable" drinker. It is neither the law nor the bootlegger, but the buyer, without whom there would be no bootlegging, and no drinking or drunkenness.

THIS is no admission that the number of drinkers has increased, nor that the amount con-

sumed is anywhere nearly as great. If there is any increase in party drinking in certain groups, it is merely an increase over some former "dry" year and is no increase over the former "wet" years, during which drinking was done in these same classes, and many others. (And is today, in greater amount in "wet" countries.) Anyone who thinks that saloons on the best corners on the main streets didn't possess sales possibilities is blind to the power of suggestion in selling; and whosoever fails to admit that this sales advantage was prostituted does not recognize facts.

How would some of you merchants like to compete with a main street store, using window displays, attractive advertising and every sales inducement, if you had none of them and had to peddle your wares under cover, depending on whomever came to you for your trade? Does your merchandising experience honestly tell you that the bootlegger can sell anywhere near as much as the liquor merchant did before prohibition? It is preposterous so to assert.

If more people were drinking more (and worse) liquor, more of them would die from alcoholic poisoning, but federal statistics show the contrary to be the case. The highest alcoholic death rate since prohibition is lower than the lowest rate before.*

AND those groups who are drinking more than they did 5 or 10 years ago (if they are), are also doing a great many other things, which are not prohibited. They have more leisure time, they go for more auto rides, in more autos, on more miles of good roads. They go to more movies in which they see shows of the lowest moral standards which the public has ever tolerated. They read more magazines containing more pictures of the sensational tone. They smoke more cigarettes (women infinitely more). They dance more, and at later hours at night. They play more cards; they have more clothing and wear less. Spend more money, drink more soda pop, eat more ice cream, play more golf, get more beauty treatments, hear more radio, graduate from more colleges (know more?), spend less time in more comfortable homes.

*See September Era—article by F. S. Harris.—for a poll of the college presidents.

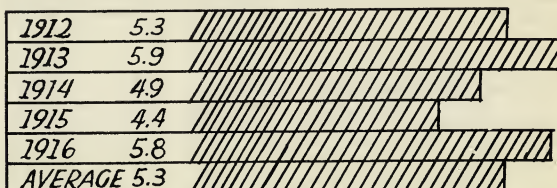


more of them lack respect for parents and older people. They do more of everything—and they do it in England, France, Germany and all over the world, prohibition or not.

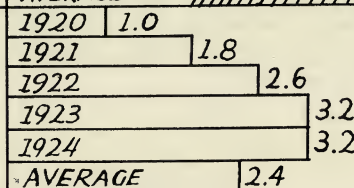
for the sake of sociability (?) but they drink because they enjoy the state of inebria—the sensation—but inasmuch as that seems rather an insufficient reason to many of them, they seek others, and have

I might admit, that so far as the drinking goes, he may be correct; but the things he and other drinkers do after they have become intoxicated become very much my business.

WET AVERAGE 5.3



DRY AVERAGE 2.4



Does not an honest analysis of the facts show that this class has rather emphasized the satisfaction of sensual pleasures in a multitude of ways, and that as a matter of fact whether drinking is legal or not has had little to do with it. On the contrary who can actually say that the restraint of prohibition has not saved this habit from assuming much greater proportions?

Drinkers have the same difficulty others do in differentiating between reasons and alibis. To those who say they drink because they hate being told not to, I would suggest the following incident for reflection.

AN honest drinker, an elderly man, offered a cocktail to a young man who was visiting him. The young man took it and drank it. Thereafter, the host asked his guest why he had taken the cocktail. The young man explained that he had had quite a strenuous trip, was weary, and thought it would pep him up so that he would be a more tolerable guest; also that he would not offend his host's hospitality, etc. When he finished with his "reasons," the host smiled and said: "Well, you know, that's very interesting to me. I drink a cocktail because I like the sensation."

And I believe that's why all drinkers drink. They may start

always done so, which as a matter of fact are excuses and not reasons. When, therefore, one of my friends tells me that he drinks because he got tired of being told not to, I wonder if he is being quite honest with himself. The law also tells him he must not steal, must not drive his car too fast, must not set even his own house on fire. Why does he not do it to shake off those restraints? It is no new situation that the law should restrict us and our habits.

Some one may say, "Yes, but drinking is a personal affair." It might be said that suicide is, too. But the experience of society is such that it forbids me to take my own life, or to mutilate my own body, because if I do, the likelihood is that society, in self defense, has to take care of me if I fail, or of my body if I succeed. The principle is obvious and correct.

I have a good friend who is a drinker. (And I want his friendship, drinker or not.) He would resent being called a drunkard, though I have known him on more occasions than one to be "well over." He tells me that I, and all my dry friends impose on his personal liberty when we say he should not drink. His argument is typical. "If I want to imbibe and take a chance on ruining my health and disposition, that's my business, not yours, etc."

I sat by him at a school rally, one time, when he was drunk, celebrating. He became sick at his stomach, was unable to help himself in time and vomited all over me, and a stranger who sat in front of us. That of course didn't impose on our freedom and liberty. In fact a peculiar code of courtesy among drinkers would expect me to laugh it off, and never think of doing anything about it except perhaps to take care of him and help him home, seeing that his folks learned nothing about it.

ONE more experience on this question of "whose business is it if I drink?" I have a very dear friend whose 20-year-old son was run over and killed by a drunken driver, while standing harmlessly on the intersection of a middle sized city. You would have a hard time telling my friend it was none of his business whether that driver drank or not.

Ask your doctor, who has had any experience with social diseases, how many of those he has treated contracted the disease while intoxicated, who in their right minds would not have exposed themselves. Or how many innocent wives they know whose husbands infected them with sexual maladies, which the husbands, to their own unending disgust and remorse, contracted under alcoholic drunkenness.

Moral crimes and drunkenness have been associates since we have any record; and it is a tremendous bit of evidence that less drinking is going on, that most communities show a marked decrease in both moral crimes and disease since prohibition. Ask your doctor, if he practiced both then and now, or visit your local board of health and find out that this is the case.

The fact that many, perhaps most drinkers, don't lose control of themselves, but drink with moderation, does not alter the fact that sufficient of them do so that society has been forced in self defense to act with prohibitory legislation. And in this age of high-speed machinery a man need not be soured to insensibility to become dangerous to his friends and those about him.

How grateful the American people should be that crimes from drunkenness have decreased tremendously since prohibition. "What," says a wet friend, "Crime has decreased?" I repeat, crimes from drunkenness have.

What about this crime business? Haven't you been told that we are in an increasing crime wave? That prohibition is the cause of racketeering and lawlessness generally? I find a surprisingly large group of people who seem honestly so to believe. And I believe they have received a large part of that education from vaudeville entertainers, jokes, sensationalists and others, in whose custody they wouldn't trust a dime of money, but whose opinions on important moral issues they accept without considering the source or the facts.

IT is an uncontroversial fact that newspapers of recent years, (perhaps all years) have sought to sell papers rather than to give impartial news. Good news is no news, but bad news, corruption, make headlines which sell papers, and so the public has been given all the space it would read about crime, (anti-prohibition papers have ridden their pethorse to a lather), so that the notions Mr. Average Citizen has about the true state of crimes are likely to be different from the facts.

Admittedly there is a lot of crime in this country. Some forms of it have increased in all countries since the war. Some forms have

here. But are such conditions peculiar to prohibition days? Or to countries who have prohibition? The facts do not so indicate. Read some old newspapers, published before 1918 and see if public amity is any worse off, in our larger cities, now, (and then) known as crime centers.

Statistics for New York City, for the last six wet years compared with the six dry years ending 1930 show that homicides were 31% greater, felonies 11% and arrests for intoxication 129% greater in the wet years; and the population increased a million during that time.

Chicago, heralded as the crime center of U. S. is reported thus by its commission: "It is a fact that there has been an actual decrease in crime generally, notwithstanding the amazing truth that the population increase during the last seven years has been in excess of a million. It is obvious that crime has not been permitted to keep pace with the population." Statistics which they give show that the height of post war crime was reached in 1927, when its back was broken and it has been reduced tremendously by 1931. Similar statistics, *facts—not headlines*, can be shown for numerous cities.

What about racketeering? No one can deny its existence, nor that illicit liquor is a large part of their stock in trade, (let me remind again, that if no one bought their liquor, they wouldn't sell it), but that is not the extent of it. There is and has always been plenty of illegal business going on. There are other things being boot-legged besides liquor, and other industries crippled and controlled by racketeers.

W. M. D. Mitchell, Attorney General of the United States says: "The assertion has been

made that the principal source of gang power is the profit derived from illegal liquor traffic, and the elimination, by some means, of this source of revenue would put an end to criminal gangs and racketeering. In the recent income tax prosecutions against a number of these organized gangsters, it was developed that on an average not over 20% of their revenue came from liquor traffic, and this has been diminishing; and if this be an indication of general conditions, the removal of illicit liquor traffic as a source of revenue would not end gangsterism and racketeering."

Does any one want to repeal all the laws these characters are violating? Heaven forbid. Let us enforce them, every one. And let those who think there is no illicit business to be done without prohibition open their eyes. And are we to believe that even if no liquor rackets could be maintained that those now engaged in them would go at once into lawful business and overnight become patriotic, law-abiding citizens? Most obviously not. The only way to deal with crime is to police our country efficiently, and enforce all laws. The ratio of crime to vigorous law enforcement is conspicuously uniform in all countries of the world.

Scarcely behind the press, if at all, in the glorification of crimes, moral and social, are the movies. They are the most subtle educational agency in social life today, and they do not appear to teach much in the way of good citizenship.

SO many methods of doing things today are increased in efficiency that criminals quite naturally avail themselves thereof. They pretty much keep pace with all forms of progress. If you want to repeal the causes of crime and criminal cunning, you will have to go back far beyond the days of prohibition, and you will have to repeal every modern convenience you yourself enjoy. Let us not short-sightedly confuse the causes of crime with an article the criminal may deal in. If robbers didn't have guns, they can use clubs and other things. Nor does racketeering stand or fall on the legitimacy of the liquor traffic.

Let me here say that I very much resent having a drinker, who buys from a

(Continued on page 754)



Fire and Song

By ARDYTH KENNELLY

"Because my story is a story of Faith I call it 'Fire and Song'," writes Ardyth Kennelly, youthful author. "Faith is Fire, clean and strong and glowing, kindled on hills, sending light through all the darkness and warmth through all cold.

"Faith is Song . . . fine and bright and lovely, tilting skywards of very early mornings, and beating like a chant through the new dusk.

"I'm nineteen. I tell you because I want you to understand if this tremendous theme is handled clumsily and a little—too breathlessly."

THE girl in the wide bed, under the bright patchwork comforter, turned her slim body softly so as not to awaken the baby at her side. She lay and looked at the door into the kitchen. The clock ticked gayly. But how still everything was! Mrs. Anderson must have fallen asleep, reading her book. Where was Eric? It was hours since he'd gone to town. There was such a stillness about snow. . . .

She flung her arms over her head and stared at the ceiling. Ah, there was his step in the hallway! She didn't hear him come in. Maybe he hadn't gone. Maybe she'd been asleep. The steps came squeakily, in that queer clumsy way that big men have when they tiptoe. She felt suddenly very proud of him, and she wanted him to come very fast so she could see him. Dear man—listen to him—trying to be so still.

Her husband turned the knob softly, opened the door and looked in. Anna pretended sleep.

THE late afternoon sun came through the white curtains and lay in patches on the floor. It fingered the foot of the maple bed goldenly, slid in little



"There was such a stillness about snow"

soft dancing light across the gay spread, and went in a sort of rainbow splash against the rough wall. In a little it would shift, this sunshine, and go palely around Anna's

thick gold braids and into her enormous green-blue eyes and make little flecks of gold in them and she'd have to shade them with her sooty lashes. And then it would be dark, and he would light the little blue lamp with the new wick. And old Mrs. Anderson would bring her supper and Eric would sit on the chair by the side of the bed and watch her eat it. She'd let him hold the baby, after he'd put more wood in the fire, and then he'd tell her about the trip to town. There wasn't much to tell, but she got so lonely all day long. He'd think of something to make her laugh.

He bent and kissed her. She opened her eyes swiftly, smiled at his surprise. "You were awake all the time?"

"All the time. I heard you tiptoeing down the hall. It seems funny—having you come so soft like that."

"Is the baby asleep?"

"Oh, yes. He sleeps such a lot. Isn't he big?"

ERIC stooped over the bed and took one of the baby's small pink hands. "He seems—he seems so terribly little," he said, a whimsical smile on his lips, "to me."

Big, glorious Eric—

"But most babies are even littler. Gracie's only weighed four and a half pounds. He's twice as big as that!"

"He will be big, I guess. Big like me. My folks are all big. Always have been."

"I'll be so awfully proud of a big son. They'll call him 'Young Eric' like they call you now."

"And I'll be 'Old Eric' like father," he said incredulously. Did one really get old?

She looked at him thoughtfully. "You did go to town, didn't you?"

"Why, yes," he said. "It didn't take me long. I didn't have to walk. Tom Edwards gave me a lift in his sleigh."

"Oh. Good old Tom." He was the only friend they had left, besides Mrs. Anderson, the kind old woman who'd said she didn't care what they were, or what church they belonged to, or what people thought, she wasn't going to see that poor little Anna Johnson

over there needing someone and no one going near. She'd stayed after the baby came, even, saying that no man could do for a young one like a woman could. Eric had fixed her up a bed in the parlor and she slept there. It had been four days. Anna looked sideways at her sleeping son. Only four days! She felt as though he'd been hers forever, like Eric.

"I brought you something."

She opened her eyes wide. "Oh, Eric, darling. You shouldn't have."

"Shut your eyes." Clumsily, softly, he opened a package. "Now," he said, "you can look."

SHE drew a quick breath and reached out her hand for the little bunch of lace. "Oh, Eric! (Continued on page 758)

"And Anna lay wide-eyed, her throat tight and hot . . ."



William F. Nauman

By ORSON REGA CARD



*From an old-time letter to
William F. Nauman:*

SOME men express themselves in poetry, others show their finer feelings in song, while you, through the flowers that thrive under your fostering care, reach the hearts of thousands with the inspiring message of God's own type of beauty.

"And do not forget, my dear Brother, that already, on the other side of the veil, flowers of your own planting are growing. . . ."

"There is this difference between a master and a servant—the latter works objectively, merely to do what is required, while the former considers his work that of personal interest and individual concern. You may well feel a rich degree of satisfaction in knowing that the appreciative ones among the many thousands who throng the Temple Block are made better because of the faithful and efficient service you have given."—James E. Talmage.

TWENTY-EIGHT years painting pictures with nature's own pigments—flowers, shrubs, trees—against a background of rare architectural charm, framed by an historic old wall, the majestic spires of the great Mormon Temple rising proudly from a beautiful and appropriate setting, while the famous domed Tabernacle rests contentedly in its grassy bed—such is the record of one man's accomplishment.

Among the daily thousand tourists visiting the "Mormon Mecca" few miss the beauty of the surrounding grounds as they stand in awe or wonder before those great monuments of pioneer skill, industry, and sacrifice. To one who frequents this beautiful and

sacred spot the skill of the genius who sets nature's gems with such artistry becomes more than a private possession. The Church and the State have a common interest in this ability to create so attractive a setting for such world famous structures. Here is a talent of great worth and its possessor is deserving of deep appreciation and right honorable mention by the members of the Church everywhere as well as by all citizens of Utah. The beauty and charm of the Temple and Tabernacle grounds have long been valuable community assets.

WILLIAM F. NAUMAN does not call himself an artist. In fact he very modestly objected to



"Painting pictures with Nature's own pigments"

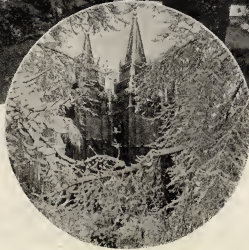
such a designation, asking why his name need even be mentioned. "Just write about the grounds," he insisted. "I try to make them beautiful so if people are pleased and it makes them happy that is all that is necessary." More interested in his work than in himself—"He that loseth his life . . . shall find"—real success. One could not help but wonder what philosophy of life such a modest gardener-artist would have and here was the answer, part of it. Being assured that his splendid work was appreciated and that public acknowledgment would be welcomed brought out the rest as he stated frankly and with unquestioned faith, "I pray every morning that



"The famous domed tabernacle rests contentedly in its grassy bed"



"I pray each morning that I will be inspired where to place each plant and flower"



"Autumn and winter also work their magic spell"

I will be inspired where to place each plant and flower. When ever I have a few plants left over, there is always a place to put them." The result of his "placing" is indeed inspirational. Here is a true Christian gentleman who takes his religion so literally that it is part of his work; it is his philosophy.

He was born in Calbe An Saale, Saxony, Germany, on the 23rd of June, 1870. He learned his trade at greenhouse work and landscape gardening while in his teens; then after a few years as a nurseryman attended the horticultural college at Gera in Thuringen. Several years of responsible positions in his field followed. For a few years he was in complete charge of grounds for the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, at the Schweriner Schloss (castle). In 1892 he started his own business in Hamburg which he successfully operated for eight years, selling out to come to America. It was while living in Hamburg that he joined the Church. Reaching Salt Lake City in 1901 William Nauman

worked at the Salt Lake Floral company, then in 1904 was given charge of the Temple and Tabernacle grounds, the fulfilment of a great desire that had filled his heart when first he set foot on the "block."

ONE of the first things the new gardener did was to remove over half of the trees (all softwoods) from the grounds. This brought a storm of protest but he stood firm knowing the value of a few trees well placed so as to permit the growth of lawns and flowers. Then followed topping, trimming, planting, rearranging. Improvements were made slowly "to keep down the expense" and gradually the

skill and wisdom of the man became an accepted fact.

EACH spring and summer bring new beauty and added charm. Autumn and winter also work their magic spell on the hearts of nature-lovers. Photographs never do justice to the subject but the ones submitted will be a pleasurable reminder to those who have already enjoyed the grounds, and it is hoped, will tempt others to pause long enough within the famous old walls to admire and appreciate nature at her cultivated best.

And, incidentally, the picture of Wm. F. Nauman himself was obtained only after much persuasion and then in the midst of his flowers.

"Framed by an historic old wall"



The United Order Answers

By JOSEPH A. GEDDES, Ph.D.

Has capitalism failed? Are there increasingly fewer people who have the opportunity to start at scratch and who, therefore, cannot have a fair chance? Thousands of people are asking those questions, answering them in the affirmative, and are looking for a way out. In this article Dr. Geddes in an admirably objective manner discusses the United Order and lays before the reader its purpose and the manner of its working.

UNDER the influence of crises the masses think more clearly. It usually takes a flood, a famine, an invasion or an economic depression to enable society to get together sufficiently to hurdle a serious obstacle. There are less costly ways of learning, but somehow the process has been slow except when stress and disaster have been present to force the issue.

At such times as the present when a great depression has the world in its grip, when suffering and want are widespread, it is easier for all, high and low, to ask earnestly and humbly the simple question—What is wrong? In this very real desire to know probably lies the greatest gain that will come out of the difficulties of the present. When one knows, he adjusts and moves on.

Are there satisfactory answers to the great problems which the present depression has brought to so many people? If there are it must be confessed that man's leadership, his thinking, his economic and social organization have not yet advanced far enough to use them successfully, for the cycle of good and bad times continues on unchecked. The writer approaches the task assigned him in this article with some diffidence. Plans that look well in theory may fail miserably in practice. It is easy to criticize. It is entirely a different thing to point the way over sound bottom from marshy land to solid ground. Nevertheless there are some things that may be said with reasonable assurance. It will be the task of the writer in this paper (1) to select and examine three corner-stones of the present capitalistic system, and (2) to observe the treatment of

these issues under the United Order Plan of the Doctrine and Covenants.

I. Three Present Maladjustments of Modern Capitalism

(1) Unlimited ownership of private property for those who are intelligent enough or fortunate enough to obtain possession of it brings about undue inequality. Private property originated in the desire for justice and fair dealing and has probably, in a general way, worked towards that end throughout the ages. The man who will work and save is entitled to the rewards of industry and sacrifice. Private property means that a government undertakes to provide legal guarantees that those who come to own through this process shall be protected in their ownership.

Under this principle tremendous amounts of capital have come into being and a great system of machine production has developed. This principle protects the man who is willing to work, as against the idler, likewise the man who sacrifices in order to save, as against the spender. In this way fair dealing is promoted. After property holdings become large, however, and drift into the hands of the minority as with us today, social justice is impeded in that the oncoming generation does not start at scratch, so that the majority do not have a fair chance. Much as the modern world loves children it seems to have forgotten about those who are to come later.

(2) The granting of full freedom of initiative to the individual brings confusion. Free initiative means that anyone is free to choose

his own vocation. He may be a farmer, a business man, a manufacturer, a wage earner, or enter the professions. No one may restrict or interfere with his choice. This privilege has the advantage of supplying natural urges and aspirations with the opportunity of fulfillment. It has the disadvantage of wastefulness and unmanageability.

(3) Conflicts between owners and workers interfere with cooperation and entail large wastes. The growth of capital and the increase in inventions has brought about a separation of function into (a) owners, (b) enterprisers, and (c) wage earners. The owners receive rent or interest, the enterprisers obtain profits, and the workers get wages. In farming all three of these functions are usually combined in one man. In industry, since the owners of the machines have come to be removed farther and farther from the workers who man them, an intervening gulf has developed in which suspicions, antagonisms, and hatreds thrive. Labor wars, involving tremendous waste in idle capital and unemployed labor, are the result of a never-ending clash of interests.

II. The United Order and the Depression Problem

A. WHAT THE UNITED ORDER IS

UNITED Order Experiments have assumed a number of different forms. Some of them have been communistic. The United Order as discussed briefly in this paper is the United Order that is developed in various revelations of Joseph Smith. This plan of economic and social organization is

not communistic. It is simply a severe modification of capitalism in the interest of a greater equality which was first to be established and then maintained. The plan attempts to make of the economic structure a tool designed not only to bring about the production of material goods but one which promotes the growth of spirituality and of righteousness. How far the founder of Mormonism wanted to go in stripping capitalism down to what he regarded as socially and religiously desirable may be seen here. Briefly the plan is:

1. To bring about a consecration of all property and then a redistribution of it in the interest of equality.

2. To grant, in the redistribution, to each head of a family a stewardship sufficiently productive to make it possible for him to earn a living for himself and family.

3. To provide each steward with a deed to the property included in his stewardship.

4. To select the stewardship through a joint agreement between the steward and the executive officer.

5. To bring about a central balancing wheel with a strongly working central organization by turning into the community treasury all surplus above that required to meet the needs of the family. Further balance was to be achieved through the assistance and direction of a central United Order Board having general jurisdiction over all of the communities in the system.

6. To organize the system on the basis of the community as the local territorial unit.

7. To protect each community in its own economic progress. While the central United Order Board was to have general direction of the Order, the production output and the holdings of each community were to belong exclusively and entirely to the local unit involved.

8. To curtail full freedom of initiative. While the individual steward was to select his vocation or stewardship he could do so only with the cooperation of the Community Manager (bishop). In the Management of the stewardship after it was granted it does not appear that the Community Executive was to interfere greatly with the steward for the steward held the deed to his stewardship. The steadying hand of central guidance was to come largely through the

selection of new stewardships which would to a certain extent be in process continually.

9. To provide for large companies or corporations through joint-stewardships. Today this would mean the dividing up of the stock of a modern corporation into as many equal stewardships as would yield, when worked by the stewards, a living for each one and his family. The wage earner would disappear, the stewards would run their own factory or store.

B. THE UNITED ORDER ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM OF THE LIMITATION OF WEALTH

THE redistribution of property involved in the United Order did not attempt an absolute equality from a family standpoint. The basis of the distribution of allotments was to be equality according to size of family, according to circumstances, and according to wants and needs, thus providing a strong concession to the individual situation and to the desires of the steward and his family. The plan to perpetuate the relative equality achieved at the beginning, is of particular interest, for the reason that some stewards may be expected to produce more than others and inequality would soon develop in the absence of some restraining force.

The arrangement to maintain equality was this: Any family which produced a surplus more than the family needed was to turn it over to the store house or to the common treasury. So far as the Doctrine and Covenants is concerned indirect pressures only seemed to be contemplated in bringing compliance and they were not fully developed.

This phase of the plan is characteristic of the fine consideration for the individual and the absence of force in the philosophy and teachings of Joseph Smith. With human nature as it is, however, and in dealing with material things a practical critic sees danger for the system. If very many refused to turn in their surplus others would soon refuse to do so and inequality would rapidly grow.

It is of interest to note that when the first United Order effort was actually undertaken apostates were troublesome, and to safeguard the effort the deed mentioned in the revelation was interpreted in a liberal rather than in a technical sense and a "lease" agreement plan

rather than government deeds for the stewards was developed.

The importance of this arrangement is very great, for under a lease the Order may easily retain the strength that is needed to maintain relative equality. On the other hand some of the advantages of individualism would tend to be lost in the mass if the steward's independence and status were limited to the position of a lease holder whose lease could be terminated by the organization. The preservation of a considerable field in which the independence and initiative of the steward is vouchsafed and guaranteed to him is quite obviously intended in the Doctrine and Covenants plan where a real deed of ownership is specified. Furthermore, the lease plan would carry the system so far from capitalism with its great recognition of the individual that it would be necessary to regard it not as a severe modification of capitalism but a destruction of it in favor of a system which would closely resemble socialism.

Is it not possible that the plan of a deeded stewardship is feasible with some protection for the system in the deed, by which it is agreed that if the steward desires to move to another unit of the system, or in the event of his becoming sufficiently out of harmony with it to sever his connection with the church or to work against the underlying principles of the system, the local United Order unit should have the right at its option to purchase the stewardship at an approved valuation to be determined by an agreed upon procedure?

However this feature of administration might be worked out the plan of the United Order was to achieve relative equality by consecration and redistribution of property and then to preserve it by taking over into the common treasury the surplus in excess of the family's needs. The common surplus would then be available for new stewardships, the improvement and enlargement of old ones and for other such purposes. That a plan to take over surplus for the common good is not impracticable is evident from modern experience with income taxation. The United States has taken into the national treasury as high as 77% of the income of our most wealthy people (all surplus in the United Order sense). The taking of individual surpluses into

the treasury under a good system of uniform accounting in use in every stewardship and with standard of living limits accepted through democratic participation of all the group, appears to be the plan as contemplated in the Doctrine and Covenants. The voluntary motive is thus preserved in the field of the surplus, and independence and initiative are guaranteed in a deeded stewardship. The voluntary feature here is different than in the payment of tithing, for under the United Order the pressure involved in a common bookkeeping system and in the community standard of living would be considerable. Different United Order communities would have different standards of living. Within each community there could be as many different standards as there were stewards but all falling within prescribed limits. In a community fortunately situated and ably led it is possible to conceive of the achievement of high standards, such let us say as those involved in a \$5000 or a \$10,000 expenditure a year. But mind, relative equality persists in the community.

C. THE UNITED ORDER ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM OF ABRIDGING FREE INITIATIVE

THE necessity for some limitation of free initiative has become increasingly evident in recent times. Banks no longer lend money to customers without knowing what the loan is for. A government system of investment-banking has grown up with well trained experts to assist people to avoid mistakes. And yet in spite of such modifications maladjustments abound. Before the last economic crash international bankers unwisely invested hundreds of millions in foreign lands; domestic bankers and private investors shamefully misjudged the amount of capital which could profitably go into many new growing industries; the individual consumer under the releases involved in installment buying went far beyond a safe expenditure budget. Consider the mis-direction of capital in our rubber industry where the capacity output is twelve times the country's rubber requirements, or the automobile industry where capacity output is 5,000,000 automobiles a year and the yearly requirement is about 1,700,000. If a growing industry appears to be profitable capitalism has as yet developed no

effective means of stopping the rush for profits until profits have disappeared and losses stem the tide. When capital goes astray labor goes astray with it. This is too much individual initiative with too little guidance.

The United Order plan limits individual initiative but preserves for the steward the obligation of taking the initiative. The arrangement would probably work out something like this: The prospective steward considers several alternative vocations that he would like to follow. Having reached a tentative choice he confers with the community United Order Manager and between them a choice is made. Both do it. It is in this arrangement that the system has a great opportunity. Back of the United Order Manager is the Central United Order Board where, if the system is effective, bureaus of experts are at work. Up to the minute knowledge of conditions in the production and consumption fields will be at the disposal of the manager. Since a new stewardship cannot be created without his consent it becomes possible to restrain labor and capital from moving into a new promising field in undue amounts. The steward should be able to obtain the thing he so badly needs now but cannot obtain—enlightened guidance. To provide enlightened guidance the Central United Order Board would be forced into the field of centrally planned production—a field that is a very promising one. It must be remembered that central planning is possible under capitalism as American experience under the War Industries Board so clearly demonstrated. But capitalism does not particularly encourage central planning. The United Order does.

It has been a very difficult thing to develop control agencies over capitalism. This depression has shown that the handling of the trough of a depression is a much more difficult thing than has been thought. The control of the cycle has certainly not yet been achieved. The reason for this lies in the lack of facilities to guide capital and labor so that the tremendous misallocations during good times may be avoided. There is something very simple about the United Order arrangement here that goes deep. It is not a palliative. It is a very simple preventive measure that goes to the heart of the problem of so directing capital and la-

bor that the evils of misdirection shall not be pyramided. The writer believes that this limitation of free initiative is as sound in its economic possibilities as it is simple in its plan and scope.

D. THE UNITED ORDER AND CONFLICTS BETWEEN LABOR AND CAPITAL

IN theory labor and capital are partners in production. In practice, much of the time, they are enemies fighting to the death. Between 1881-1905 there were 36,757 strikes and 1,546 lockouts. Since 1905 the number has increased, reaching a peak in 1917 with 4,450 disputes. Says Douglas, "The proportion of strikers (1915-21) as compared with the number of industrial wage earners was from four and a third to five times as great . . . as during the years 1881-85." Precise information on the cost of strikes and lockouts is not available but some estimates place it as high as \$10,364,000,000 between 1916-24 inclusive. The British coal strike of 1919 is estimated by Trade Commissioner Page to have cost £220,000,000, while the wage cost alone of the American steel strike of 1919 is placed by Whitney at \$87,000,000. The social waste in cutting down production, in idle machinery, and in unemployment is very large. Nor do these losses cover the entire field, for antagonism and hate breed inefficiency. Productive power is greatly curtailed and man's efforts to feed, clothe, and house mankind, and then provide all with time for cultural growth and healthy leisure pursuits are to that extent made ineffective.

The less owners and workers come into contact with each other the less they understand one another. With increasing separation suspicions and hatreds grow so that overt action comes easily. The many attempts to bridge the gulf between them have all been more or less unsuccessful. Strikes have been minimized at particular points but the total number of strikes and the total number of men involved grows. Arbitration and conciliation boards, shop committees, compulsory arbitration, and wage agreements have done little more than reduce labor wars. The conflict between capital and labor is a very real one and capitalism has

(Continued on page 757)

Genesis 12:1-13

An Abridgment of the Book of Abraham

By SIDNEY B. SPERRY, Ph.D.

THE little volume of Scripture known as the Book of Abraham will someday be reckoned as one of the most remarkable documents in existence. In this article the writer wishes to call the attention of Latter-day Saints to but one of its notable features, namely, its relationship to Genesis 12:1-13. For a number of years I have strongly felt that chapter 2 of the Book of Abraham is the original account from which Gen. 12:1-13 was made. Putting it another way, the account in Genesis is nothing more or less than an abridgment of that in the Book of Abraham. For this conclusion the writer is solely and alone responsible. He feels, however, that the evidence is sufficiently strong to merit the close attention and study of every member of the Church.

It is apparent at the outset that the author or editors of the book we call Genesis lived after the events recorded therein took place. Our text of Genesis can therefore not be dated earlier than the latest event mentioned by it. It is evident the writings of Abraham while he was in Egypt, of which our printed Book of Abraham is a copy, must of necessity be older than the original text of Genesis. I say this in passing because some of our brethren have exhibited surprise when told that the text of the Book of Abraham is older than that of Genesis.

The Book of Moses makes it very plain that God directly revealed to Moses all the information necessary to account for the events written in Genesis up to and including chapter 6, verse 13. How much more of the material

Dr. Sperry, a student of Biblical languages, in this article compares some interesting scriptures and makes some deductions which will be interesting to Era readers.

in Genesis was directly revealed to Moses we are not told. But we may justly surmise that Moses had access to some written records which he also used.

Whether he did use what is now chapter 2 of the Book of Abraham is the problem before us. It will be noticed that I assume the Mosaic authorship of the original text of Genesis. For this I offer no apology whatever in spite of the trend of modern biblical scholarship. No Latter-day Saint can afford to overlook the evidence of the Book of Moses, the Book of Mormon and of the "Inspired Revision" of the Bible on this point.

Let the reader make but a casual comparison of Gen. 12:1-13 and the second chapter of the Book of Abraham and he will discover that an apparently close relationship exists between them. Certain very striking resemblances between the two led the writer to make an extended study in the hope of discovering the reasons underlying them. The similarity cannot be accidental. Let two parallel passages be placed before us. Gen. 12:4 and Abr. 2:14 will serve:

Gen. 12:4—So Abram departed as the Lord had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him: and Abram was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran.

Abr. 2:14—So I, Abraham, departed as the Lord had said unto me, and Lot with me; and I, Abraham, was sixty and two years old when I departed out of Haran.

Three things are immediately apparent. In the first place the account in the Book of Abraham is written in the first person, that of Genesis in the third person. Secondly, the accounts do not agree as to the age of Abraham when he left Haran. Thirdly, the Book of Abraham writes the name of the great patriarch "Abraham" as against "Abram" in the Genesis version. It is self-evident that the Book of Abraham does not copy verbatim, if at all, from the King James version as some of its critics may presume.* Had Joseph Smith been an impostor the chances are very good that he would have made Abraham's age agree with that given in Genesis. Furthermore, it is doubtful he would have called the patriarch "Abraham" before the latter came to Egypt. The version in Genesis does not call him "Abraham" until he had long been back from that country. (See Gen. 17:5). Naturally, a Latter-day Saint believes in the independent character of the Book of Abraham. From the two short parallels quoted above we admit that the differences between the Abraham account and that of Genesis are but presumptive evidence of the independence of the former from the latter. But when the whole of the Abraham account is examined the evidence is very convincing. The account of Abraham is fuller and contains much explanatory material valu-

*As they have done in the case of the text of Isaiah in the Book of Mormon.

able in appraising the life and work of the great biblical character that is not to be had in the familiar version of Genesis. That is just what we should expect in a first hand account. Furthermore, — and this is the strongest evidence of all,—a linguistic study of the Book of Abraham and of the parallel versions of the Bible points unmistakably to the independent character of the Egyptian record and to the conclusion that it is, at least, the *possible original* from whence the account in Genesis was taken.

The writer compared the parallel accounts in the Egyptian record with the Hebrew, Greek, Syriac, Latin, and Samaritan versions and also with the Targum of Onkelos, an Aramaic version of the Pentateuch. I shall not burden the reader with the minutæ of this study in textual criticism. Three or four examples will suffice. Thus, a comparison of Gen. 12:3 and Abr. 2:11 reveals that the Greek, Syriac, Latin and Samaritan versions support the reading "curse them" in the Book of Abraham as against the Hebrew and King James versions which read "curse him." At the end of this verse the Syriac adds the phrase "and in thy seed." The Book of Abraham seems to support this addition.

Abr. 2:19 (cp. Gen. 12:7) supports the Greek, Syriac, Latin and Samaritan versions in reading "and said to him I will give."

The last word in the phrase, "and pitched my tent there," of Abr. 2:20 (cp. Gen. 12:8) is supported by the Greek and Latin versions.

Abr. 2:22 (cp. Gen. 12:11) is supported by the Hebrew and Syriac in reading "behold." The Greek and Latin omit.

These examples demonstrate in striking fashion that the text of Abr. 2 is bound up in a real way with the early history of the text of Gen. 12:1-13 and that its readings pursue an independent course in respect to the Bible versions. This is what we should expect in an original document. It is interesting to note that the Book of Abraham affirms the essential trustworthiness of the Hebrew text of Gen. 12:1-13. The record witnesses, with the Greek and Latin, the existence of a Hebrew text older than the one in our

possession. This is an important point. Had the Prophet Joseph Smith blindly added to or slavishly followed the King James version his translation would have lacked the ear-marks of a genuine ancient production.

At the time Joseph Smith translated the Book of Abraham he did not have sufficient linguistic knowledge to strew along the way the remarkable tell-tale evidence any competent Bible scholar can find in the chapter we have considered. The evidence, I say, irresistibly leads me to the conclusion that our present text of Gen. 12:1-13 is an abridgment, written in the third person, of the second chapter of the Book of Abraham. Critics of this volume of Scripture may differ from the conclusion advanced herein but the problem of satisfactorily accounting for the remarkable linguistic characteristics of the book will still remain.

To Latter-day Saints the Book of Abraham ought to prove useful

as a source document of great worth. It opens up afresh the whole question of the structure and history of the text of Genesis.

Mormonism

ALL that is true in science, all that is beautiful in art, all that is noble in philosophy, and all that is inspiring and uplifting in religion is a part of Mormonism. With these splendid agencies, it quickens into life every lofty thought, every fine impulse, every exalting aspiration, and every worthy endeavor. It fosters industry and thrift, promotes education and art, provides wholesome, joyous recreation, inspires reverence for the eternal verities, stimulates faith in God and hope of immortality, purifies the heart, refines the spirit, ennobles the mind; and brings to its votaries the deep, sweet, joyous "abundant life," in this world, and eternal glory and exaltation in the world to come.

—N. J.

Dresses of Pioneer Days



Left: Evelyn Bryner, brown taffeta 55 years ago.
Center: Norell Startup, Amelia Young. Brigham Young's wife's dress. Inauguration of President Ulysses S. Grant, 215 yards of lace, and 10 yards of Taffeta.

Right: Jennie Brimhall Bowen, red satin wedding dress, 50 years ago. Mrs. Ellen Ash's dress.

The Miracle

By

ARTHUR
STYRON

THE violent grinding of brakes suddenly applied, and the harsh creaking of skidding wheels gradually died away as the big car came to a stop. Eddie quickly picked himself up from the dusty pavement where he had been thrown, and looked around wildly.

Agnes! Where was the little sister he had been holding by the hand when they started to cross the street? The next moment he saw her under the big car that had run them down, her eyes closed, a dark stain slowly spreading on her little white face.

With one bound the boy was under the car, trying to lift the child.

"You'd better not try, son," said a man gently. "Someone has gone to telephone for an ambulance."

"She's not . . . dead, boss?" Eddie begged in a husky voice.

The man stooped and felt the limp little pulse. "No, my boy," he said slowly.

A POLICEMAN came up, dispersed the collecting crowd, and carried the unconscious girl into a nearby drug-store. Eddie's folded coat made a pillow for her head until the ambulance arrived. He was permitted to ride in the conveyance with her to the hospital. Something about the sturdy, shabbily dressed boy, who could not be more than ten years old, and his devotion to his little sister, strangely touched the hearts of the hard-boiled hospital apprentices.

"We must operate at once," said the surgeon after a brief preliminary examination. "She has been injured internally, and has lost a great deal of blood." He turned to Eddie who, inarticulate with grief, stood dumbly by. "Where do you live?"

Eddie told him that their father was dead, and that their mother did day-work—he did not know where.

"We can't wait to find her," said the surgeon, "because by that time it might be too late."

Eddie waited in the sitting-room while the surgeons worked over



Agnes. After what seemed an eternity a nurse sought him out.

"Eddie," she said kindly, "your sister is very bad, and the doctor wants to make a transfusion. Do you know what that is?" Eddie shook his head. "She has lost so much blood she cannot live unless someone gives her his. Will you do it for her?"

EDDIE'S wan face grew paler, and he gripped the knobs of the chair so hard that his knuckles became white. For a moment he hesitated; then gulping back his tears, he nodded his head and stood up.

"That's a good lad," said the nurse.

She patted his head, and led the way to the elevator which whisked them to the operating-room—a very clean but evil-smelling room, with pale green walls and innumerable shiny instruments in glass cases. No one spoke to Eddie except the nurse who directed him in a low voice how to prepare for the ordeal. The boy bit his quivering lip and silently obeyed.

"Are you ready?" asked a man swathed in white from head to foot, turning from the table over which he had been bending. For the first time Eddie noticed who it was lying there so still. Little Agnes! And he was going to make her well.

He stepped forward quickly.

TWO hours later the surgeon looked up with a smile into the faces of the young internes and nurses who were engrossed in watching the great man work.

"Fine," he said. "I think she'll pull through."

After the transfusion Eddie had been told to lie quietly on a cot in the corner of the room. In the excitement of the delicate operation he had been entirely forgotten.

"It was wonderful, Doctor!" exclaimed one of the young internes. "A miracle!" Nothing, he felt in his enthusiastic recognition of the marvels of surgery, could be greater than the miracles of science.

"I am well satisfied," said the surgeon with conscious pride.

There was a tug at his sleeve, but he did not notice. In a little while there was another tug—this time more peremptory—and the great surgeon glanced down to see a ragged, pale-faced boy looking steadily up into his face.

"Say, Doc," said a husky voice, "when do I croak?"

The internes laughed and the great surgeon smiled. "Why, what do you mean, my boy?" he asked kindly.

"I thought . . . when they took a guy's blood . . . he croaked," muttered Eddie.

The smiles faded from the lips of the doctors and nurses, and the young interne who had thought there was nothing greater than the miracles of science, caught his breath suddenly.

Greater love hath no man than this, that he laid down his life!

This ragged lad had climbed to the very height of nobility and sacrifice, and showed them a glimpse of the greatest miracle of all—a selfless Love!

But Eddie must never know this. The lesson was too poignantly beautiful to be wasted. The great surgeon motioned the others for silence.

"I think after all you will get well, Eddie," he said gruffly. "You and little Agnes."

The Romance of a Navajo Blanket

By GRACE W. BOWMAN

A Navajo Blanket tells its history—made vocal by Mrs. Grace Wooley Bowman, wife of a Kanab merchant, who has gone with her husband into the Navajo country to trade for blankets.

HERE I am, a heap of wool on the floor of a hogan, almost ready to come into being. I have been shorn from the favorite lambs of a shy, beautiful bronze Indian maiden, full of love and the joy of life—the daughter of a medicine man.

With a desire to crystallize her popularity in her tribe, and to please the young Navajo who is her most ardent admirer, she gives expression to her ideas and the sacred ceremonies of the tribe through her inherited art. Every Navajo woman is a weaver, and is perhaps America's greatest textile artist.

Besides rearing and caring for her family and its needs, she herds the sheep, nurturing their young, shears the wool from their backs, cleans and weaves it into blankets and attends to numerous other details which are her portion.

MANY blankets are woven and must be hurriedly done to supply the necessities of life and often the workmanship is inferior. But her standing in the tribe is rated by the blanket she weaves, hence there is a pride in her work.

I have been dry-cleaned with gypsum, great quantities of which are found on the reservation, carded into long, fluffy tufts, spun into

yarn on a crude distaff, made into skeins, and hung on pegs around the wall.

My natural colors are white, black, and brown, for sheep that

while combing. Scarlets and other colors are dyed from blossoms, seeds, roots, and shrubs gathered from different parts of the reservation, a horse back ride of fifty miles sometimes being necessary to obtain them. Before weaving commences, sufficient dyeing must be done for my completion to insure perfect shades.

I am now wound into little vari-colored balls and placed on a sheepskin mat to rest, while my crude loom is being prepared.

TWO cedar posts are placed in the dirt floor of the hogan several feet apart. A pole is securely fastened across the top and bottom making it the desired height. Lighter poles are fastened to these, around which my warp is tied. A long smooth stick is woven through, picking up every other thread and tied in place. My remaining threads are now fastened to a second similar stick, by means of a twisted woolen string being wound through each thread and onto the stick in a looping fashion. It can easily be shifted up or down during the process of weaving.

Stretching and pulling are necessary that my warp may be taut to insure the best results. If I were consulted in the matter I should choose to be woven in a brush bowery outside the hogan, where



Blanket weaving and the sacred sand painting. This painting in sand is exquisite and takes long hours of concentrated effort. It must be completed and destroyed from sun rise to sun set.

color are found in every family herd. My greys are obtained by blending white and black wool



A Navajo family

Photos taken by the Author.



The Indian maiden shears the wool from the backs of the sheep and weaves it into blankets.

my sisters have been made; it is so much more cheerful in the sunlight and fresh desert air. But the leaves are turning brown and the days grow short; north winds will soon blow and we must seek shelter.

The hogan is a mud hut, dome-shaped and held up with cedar posts and willows. There is an opening in the top by which light and air may enter. A small opening, always facing East, serves as a door. An old remnant of carpet or crude board door closes the entrance.

MY creator now sits before me on a sheep-skin mat, with feet crossed under her, the customary sitting posture. A short, flat, smooth stick is placed through my threads separating every other one and holding them apart that her long shapely fingers might deftly weave the balls through with more ease, for she does not know the use of a shuttle.

Reverently the weaving begins after so long a period of preparation. In fact, the maiden has been twenty summers in preparation for this event which has a two-fold meaning. Being the daughter of a medicine man is an advantage to this young weaver, for many, many times has she seen the sand paintings on the floor of her father's lodge knowing some day she would weave one into a beautiful blanket.

The sand paintings are the most exalted expression of the Navajo's religion and are used for healing the sick and other sacred purposes.

They are made by spreading white sand over the floor of the hogan, several medicine men being employed, working out unique designs in dribblings of sifted sands of many colors. This painting in sand is exquisite and takes long

hours of concentrated effort. It must be completed and destroyed from sun rise to sun set. It is not only a piece of art—every figure, every line, every dot is a symbol. To have been realistic would have been to expose the secrets of their

the design is worked out; each idle thread attached to a ball at her knees. My threads are joined by overlapping them several inches and battenning them down securely. As I grow in length I am loosened at the bottom and rolled under out of sight.

Already I am beginning to take form, to feel that soul is being put into me, for am I not the child of her heart into which she pours all her patience, love, and imagination? I am the reproduction of a sand painting.

Faithfully she toils over me day by day, week by week, and month by month, not heeding the weariness of limb or fatigue of mind. Interest and desire urge her on in the building of her masterpiece.

AS the days grow cold, a little fire is built in the center of the hogan, used for heating and cooking, around which are a few meager cooking utensils. The opening in the top partly takes care of the smoke.

Many friends come to partake of the hospitality of this home. As they gather around the fire I am thrilled with the stories and legends which I hear. The partly clad children sit about and listen with intense interest that they in turn may hand them on to their children.

House furnishings are unnecessary to these nomads. A row of sheep skin mats circle the room, with a few old blankets and skins serving as beds at night and rolled up during the day time. The occupants sleep with their heads to the wall and feet to the fire. The hogan accommodates as many as space will permit.

A Navajo may be recognized by

Pottery Maker

Margaret Marchand-Brown

YELLOW the pueblo, Sun!
Tanoa squats with her clay,
kneading,

Coiling rope on rope of rare red earth,
Pinching, molding.

O Sun, dry the tall olla!
Tanoa's eager brown hands are waiting,
Mixing chalk and water, pointing
Her yucca brush.

A good urn like Tanoa's
Must sell for much gold, considering
What yellow warmth goes into the
making—
Remaining there.

religion to the vulgar view. By the use of symbols only, their painter-priests appeal to the imagination and the heart.

THE clever squaw must remember and keep in mind all the minute details in order to weave them into her blanket. It is an ill omen to refer to the finished portion to refresh the memory.

Loop by loop she catches my threads through and battens them down tight by means of a wooden comb, the flat stick and a firm quick wrist. A rainbow border across the bottom is becoming evident and I see a gleam of satisfaction in the maiden's dark eyes.

Steadily I grow up and up, first on one side then on the other as

his costume. The buck wears overalls and cotton shirt although a buckskin or velvet one is more to his liking. He makes and wears the brown buckskin moccasins, shaped to fit the foot and coming well above the ankle. They are fastened with silver coins. A bright cloth is wound around his head to form a band. His long black, glossy hair is knotted up in the back and wound around with a woolen string made by the squaw, who also does the hair-dressing.

Many strands of wampum, or beads which they make from shells, are worn; also rings, earrings and bracelets, heavy set with turquoise and made by their silver-smiths.

The squaws heed not the prevailing fashions of the day. Their styles date back to the time when only a handful of a fast diminishing race, they were held prisoners by Kit Carson and when freed, adopted the dress worn by the white women of that time.

THE basque is always made of velvetene, high at the neck with long sleeves, and hangs several inches below the waistline, the side seams from the waist down being left open. Coins are used for buttons. The calico skirt is gathered full at the waist with a full gathered flounce just below the knee which hangs to the ankle. Narrow strips of contrasting material around the flounce trim the skirt.

Their moccasins are the same as the men's, also their mode of hair dress. They, too, are heavy laden with silver and turquoise. And all wear the blanket as a wrap.

Most picturesque are the maiden and handsome young brave who have been coming every day to look at and admire me. The maiden is more shy at his approach and the work lags during his stay, but her face beams with joy and happiness which seem to radiate so that even I catch the spirit of it. When he is gone she resumes her work with renewed vigor and swiftness.

Much is said and done which I do not understand. But after one of these visits, she breathed to me that when I am completed and the flowers come into bloom, she is going away for a time with this young lover brave as his bride.

I was happy too and stretched as high as I could that I might hurry the work along. All this time I have been making rapid progress. The rainbow God which

borders my design is finished, except the head and feet, which come in the last bit of weaving.

A breath of spring is in the air and the desert sun stays longer in the sky.

At last I feel myself taken from the frame and held up to admiring friends. I am thrown over pegg on the wall of the hogan that I might witness what is to follow.

OUTSIDE a feast of roast mutton is being prepared. Bucks are gathering from far and near. While singing, dancing, and feasting are going on, quietly the maiden with her mother, lover, and father enter the lodge.

Her father, the medicine man, who is high priest, physician, painter, singer and dancer, performs the marriage ceremony. He takes the wedding basket in which he mixes corn meal and cedar berries, offering a prayer as he does so. He gives them each a portion to eat and takes some himself, then pronounces a blessing and prays for protection and well being, sprinkling the sacred meal on their heads.

The mother leaves the lodge and they are united as one. She is not privileged to look upon her son-in-law the remainder of her life. Should she do so she believes she would lose her eye-sight.

The happy young couple, unattended, go away for six weeks. They return and build a small hogan by her mother's.

Soon after their return I was affectionately folded, reluctantly tied onto a mustang and rode away with my new master. How enjoyable was the desert air. But not for long; soon I parted company with my master and was one among many of my kind.

THEN one day I was chosen to go on a long journey. I was thrilled with the prospect and keen for adventure. But disappoint-

ment was mine. I felt myself being crowded, then all was darkness and I became dazed. Would it never end? I was jostled about. Then one day I felt my bindings being loosened; I was rolled out into the light once more. I heard strange voices and looked about me. Pale faces! Am I dreaming or have I gone to the happy hunting ground?

I am put on display among many familiar objects, blankets like myself, pottery and baskets made by other tribes. But the strange pale faces and surroundings are new to me. However, I am happy in this environment and interested in what I see.

Then one day I am shown to friends who love me at sight and vow I shall be theirs to cherish forever. I am presented by the young lover husband to his bride as a wedding gift. What more could I ask of life.

Full of joy we go away together and travel many days through wonderlands beyond description. At last we reach our destination in the heart of a metropolis.

Friends are assembled to welcome us to our new home. And such a home—beauty, love and contentment, it exceeds all I could have even hoped for. I am placed on the wall as a tapestry and live happily ever after.

Ancient Americans

DURING the field season of 1931 the Department of Geology at the University of Missouri conducted an exploration of certain caves in Missouri. In a Sac River cave near Osceola, Missouri, nine human skulls and many bones were discovered in deposits underneath strata composed of cave debris.

A large block of the cave deposit containing the skulls is now in the laboratories at the University for investigation. A preliminary examination seems to indicate that the remains are pre-Indian in age.

The age and racial connection of the skulls will be investigated by scientists of the American Museum of Natural History.

To establish a racial connection with one of the races mentioned in the Book of Mormon would be of great interest to those individuals who have used the book.—*Frank H. Gunnell, Geologist, U. of Mo., Columbia.*

Alone

By Fay Cram

ALONE? With the shadows

Stealthily creeping
Like wary woodland creatures?
Alone? While the fir trees murmur
Sleepily in a fragrant breeze?
Alone among humming insects?
No, not alone!

Crops From Volcanoes

By ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD

Crops from volcanoes! Acres of them—miles of them—up in Idaho where the romantic Snake River winds like a serpent among extinct cones and ages-old lava beds. Mrs. Greenwood catches the romance of the transformation.



Milner Dam. "The water flowed a silver sheet over the dam"

WHEN I was a little girl, my curls swept over a page which said something like this: "Volcanoes are mountains erupting molten lava." That, to me, was the most vivid and stimulating line in that old geography. I read it, and read it. Then I would sit back, close my eyes, and literally see that volcano erupting molten lava. There is something else that a volcano does which is not mentioned in any geography in the world. I think this is very strange, for it is possibly the most important thing a volcano ever did. And that is that the final eruption of a volcano is crops of wheat, of alfalfa, of clover, and of all other green, growing things by which man

lives. You need not sit back, close your eyes, and imagine them being erupted from the mouth of a cone. It is a more beautiful process than that. But there is a certain magic about it. You remember that one of the characters in Maeterlinck's drama, *The Bluebird*, is *Water*. In this real drama of a volcano, the *Fairy Water* plays a principal role, for it is only by the touch of her wand that the fertility of the volcanic ash is released. Then how the crops grow!

About fifteen years ago, with my two babies, I stepped off the train at a little station in southern Idaho. It was at the ghost of a town named Milner. A town of vacant houses beside a beautiful water dam. I climbed up to the

high seat of the first wagon in which I ever rode, being very careful not to expose my ankle, although the only person within looking distance of me was my legal mate. Modesty meant something in those days. Though perhaps what it meant was very far from modesty.

I sat, a green city woman, with my babies clustered around my knees, riding behind two immense farm horses, of which I had never seen the like until that moment. We rode through the ghost town Milner which, with the additional tent city, had so recently sheltered thousands of men while Milner Dam was being built. The water flowed a silver sheet over the dam, and from that point fretted and

fumed over rocks of enormous size, on down into the canyon walls which encase it in such weird magnificence. The Snake River gave birth to the Fairy Water, and her wand is the Milner Dam.

AT the top of the bluff flowed the placid, but deep, Jerome Canal. Deceiving as to disposition, for a few miles further on its way, it is a powerful, restless little river. It is the Little River of Life, for it waters the farms over all of what is called the North Side Project. I speak of Jerome Canal with some sentiment, for its beauty to me is as haunting as could any natural stream have been. And it was near our farm; my children passed their early years with their eyes upon its lovely, deep blue, restless bosom.

This part of the West was a wilderness of sagebrush when I went with my babies to live on a pioneer farm. There was but one automobile in that part of the world, and a farmer did not own that. Today on that whole Project there is not a single farm without a car.* This year there grew from that incomparable volcanic ash, thirty-three thousand acres of alfalfa hay, three thousand acres of alfalfa for seed, five thousand acres of clover for seed, nine thousand acres of tame pastures, twenty-one thousand acres of beans, forty thousand acres of grain, one hundred and twenty-six thousand acres of various other crops. The income from crops and livestock for this year is estimated at over eight million dollars. Now, what do you think of a volcano erupting eight millions of dollars in one year? There is something for a little, curly-headed girl to close her eyes over and try to see in her imagination.

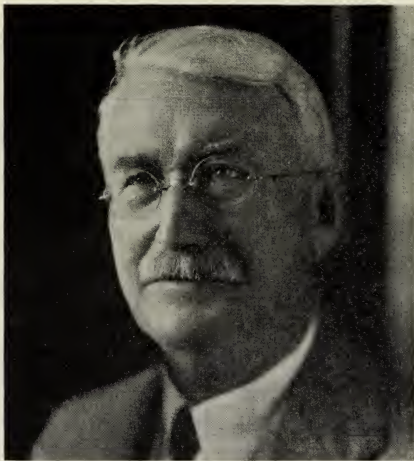
IT looked like a colossal mistake at first. The Jackson Lake Reservoir was built with its eight hundred and forty-seven thousand acre feet capacity, located away up south of Yellowstone Park. It was supposed to solve the problem of water for the thirsty desert land. But it did not. Only about one-fifth of the drainage of the Snake River watershed was above this reservoir, so that four-fifths of all

the runoff from this great watershed went on to the ocean. It was found that there were years when the runoff of the watershed above the reservoir was not sufficient to fill it. So that, even with the wonderful Milner Dam, and considerable storage capacity, in extreme drouth years the reservoir did not fill.

About this time it was found that even the entire Snake River watershed was at times insufficient to build up the natural flow of the

with this article. Perhaps no man has been called to Washington oftener in consultation on agricultural matters than has Mr. Shepherd. I asked him about the irrigation problems of this country over whose canal system he watches so carefully. He said, "It seems singular, as we look back that the men responsible for the irrigation laws in these Western states did not realize that canal systems should be built capable of delivering much more water in mid-season than in the spring or in the fall. They were built with the idea of having a continuous flow of a certain quantity of water, when, as a matter of fact, they should be built with reference to crop requirements, and be able to deliver large heads of water for short spaces of time, rather than a drizzle all the time. We are now at work correcting this mistake on the North Side, and when the present work is completed, we shall be able to deliver almost twice as much water in July as in April. In other words, the April flow can be stored at American Falls, and made available at the peak of the season. This will very materially increase the crops."

I am writing about this marvel that the Fairy Water has brought to pass by touching the ashes of extinct volcanoes, not from the point of view of a journalist, but as one who formerly lived on a farm, handling a heavy shovel herself in the fascinating work of irrigating a large family kitchen garden. While doing so, I often tried to imagine, as I did when a little girl, what this country must have looked like when it was in the convulsions of red flowing rock, of hot red stones shooting into the air. I have often stood in my garden gazing out at the volcanic cones, and sometimes the thought came to me that everything in this world can somehow be turned to advantage. A terrible inferno of fire, the earth cracking in seams to let a river flow down within its gap, molten rivers of lava. And now that same river watering that powdered volcanic ash. Crops—such crops! Nowhere in the world greater fertility of the soil. Crops from volcanoes.



R. E. Shepherd

SNAKE River which would supply the North Side and all the other large canals diverting therefrom. So away back some ten years ago it was decided that a great reservoir should be built, far enough down the river to catch all the runoff of this great watershed. And growing out of all this came the American Falls reservoir, with a capacity of one million seven hundred thousand acre feet. It was only after this reservoir was built, and in operation that agriculture was safe in the Snake River Valley. This great work has been completed, and this year the bean crop alone, which was made safe and sure by reason of this huge reservoir, will amount to enough in dollars to pay for the entire work.

THE man, more than any other, responsible for the prosperity of the North Side farmers is R. E. Shepherd, whose picture appears

*The author is speaking of two or three years ago.

Melvin J. Ballard

ing willows near the bank of the El Rio De La Platte River in a secluded place in the Park 3 De Ferara, Buenos Aires, Argentina, after which Elder Ballard offered a fervent and beautiful prayer dedicating the Great South American continent for the preaching of the Gospel of Christ; this was a day never to be forgotten by these brethren. It was an event of momentous significance, for no doubt there are millions of people on that vast continent who have in their veins the blood that believes. The brethren pursued the work they had been sent to do with great diligence, baptized several converts, organized a Sunday School and a branch of the Church, and established a mission with headquarters at Buenos Aires.

OWING to ill health Elder Wells was obliged to return home in February, 1926, Elders Ballard and Pratt remaining until the latter part of July of that year, when they were released. They were permitted by the First Presidency to return through the Indian countries of South America. Their journey led them to the northern part of Argentina, where they saw hundreds of thousands of native Indians, who were engaged in raising barley, corn, potatoes, cattle, and sheep. The high and broad plateaus of the Andes mountains are covered with small farms occupied by these industrious and peace-loving Indians. The Elders were not only interested in the natives who belonged to the house of Israel, no doubt, but they were greatly interested in the ancient ruins of this land which seemed directly to support and corroborate the Book of Mormon.

Elders Ballard and Pratt reached home with the satisfaction of having completed successfully a great mission, and no doubt, the establishment of our missionary system in that land will ultimately mean a very great deal. This is the fourth mission which Elder Ballard has filled; in fact, he has labored fourteen years as a missionary besides the vast work which he has done among the various stakes of Zion. He is associated with Apostle George Albert Smith in the General Superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. His vision

of this work, the place of recreation in its program, and in the program of the Church, coupled with his zeal and ability to promote any good cause has made him an outstanding factor in this great organization.

His apostolic duties require his absence from home much of the time; consequently the responsibility of the family rests largely upon Mrs. Ballard, who is a brilliant and attractive woman of boundless energy, and with a great devotion to her husband and children. During his first mission she supported herself and babe and helped to maintain him by teaching school. She has sought in every way to promote his interests and has constantly inspired him to make the most of his splendid endowments. Energetic, generous, and motherly, she has not only cared for her own family but will long be remembered by the missionaries of the North Western States who labored during Brother

What Ships Like to Know

WHERE are the roots that gave
 life to my keel?
And where are my leaves—were they
 phantom or real?
Where grew the tall trees they have
 made into spars
That cut through sea mist that hides
 even the stars?

Whatever became of the birds' nest
 that clung
Close to the branches I joyously flung
Out to the world in the days when I
 stood
Serene in the heart of a vast emerald
 wood?

I miss the cool showers of rain and the
 streams
That seem to me now, as a ship, only
 dreams—
The singing of birds is a sweet mem-
 ory—
Now only a convoy of gulls follow
 me.

All that I have of the forest I knew
Is the wind that pursues me on a sea's
 endless blue—
And even the wind has a sting and a
 fault
For I learned long ago that its breath
 is of salt.

—Cristel Hastings.

Ballard's Presidency for the comfort and encouragement which she gave to them. Brother and Sister Ballard have reared a family of eight children: Melvin Russel, Lucile, Kenneth A. (deceased), Rulon Joseph, Louis McNiel, Mary Ruth, Margaret, and Mack J. Ballard. These children are full of energy and enterprise and have a strong admiration for their father and an equal admiration for their mother.

AS we have indicated, he taught music in the Brigham Young College for two years, and no doubt he could have made a career for himself in this field had he devoted himself to it. He has a superior voice and a fine appreciation of the best there is in music. All of this greatly augmented his work as a missionary, often opening the doors and touching the hearts of those who could be approached in no other way.

He is chairman of the Church Music Committee which has done some commendable work for the advancement of music throughout the Church. Courses for choristers and organists have been given under the direction of this committee. The Latter-day Saint Hymn Book and Deseret Anthems in three volumes have been prepared and issued under their direction.

If one would catch inspiration from contact with one of the purest, ablest, and most inspiring men, let him study the career and emulate the example of Apostle Melvin J. Ballard who, by endowment, training, and experience, is most admirably fitted for leadership in these modern days and among a strong and progressive people. Nothing daunts his splendid courage. How mightily he labors for the cause he loves! He has a brilliant and resourceful mind, a responsive heart, with hands strong and quick to help. The strength of his faith, the power of his testimony, his exemplary life have influenced the youth and manhood of this Church in a way never to be forgotten.

He has found his place and is doing his work; it is a great and good work and he is doing it superbly. His name will shine forever in the archives of this people as an inspired and gifted ambassador of our Lord and Master.



The Haunted Mill

By ELLA WATERBURY GARDNER

IN old Dave Slocum's haunted mill,
Beside the chilly, gurgling stream,
Where Grandpa said a robber died,
We met to plan for Halloween.

The tin roof creaked, the rafters cracked,
The windows rattled in the breeze,
And outside meowed a lonesome cat—
I thought my very blood would freeze!

A dog howled mournful like, and sad,
The bats flew in the attic, tall.
The pale moon shining through the sash
Showed goblins' faces on the wall.

We heard the whispering of spooks,
And saw an old witch nod her head.
But when real Halloween came 'round
We played our pranks at home instead.

Halloween

By EDITH CHERRINGTON

WHEN the moon goes sailing high
Tonight across the midnight sky
The witches will go riding by
In swift parade.

Upon each head a peaked hat!
Behind each one a tar black cat!
Above each one a flying bat
Will cast a shade!

From out their graves the ghosts will rise
To float like clouds across the skies,
Empty caverns are their eyes,
Their forms are lean.

The Elves and Gnomes will be about!
The spooks will clank their chains and shout
For all weird things of earth come out
On Halloween.





Brown Autumn

By Bryce W. Anderson

BROWN Autumn is a hoary seer,
With leathern cheek and heavy brows,
His mien is stern, and sad, and drear,
And silent as the leafless boughs.

Brown Autumn is an Indian brave,
Straight as the mountains' noble pines,
Strong with the strength the mountains
gave,
Fashioned of sand-stone, chiseled fine.

Brown Autumn is a gypsy girl,
Her eyes dark pools of loveliness,
Her mouth a red rose, lined with pearl,
Her touch a passionate caress.

Great wisdom is the silent seer's,
Great strength the Indian's final test:
These I admire, but far more dear
I hold the maiden's loveliness.

We Said Goodbye

By J. C. Mills

WE said goodbye
And as I watched you go
My one regret
Was that it hurt you so.

I thought I'd soon forget
Your fond caress;
Without you I would find
True happiness.

Why is it then that now,
At night, I cry?
Why is it that my heart
Won't say goodbye?

The Sky is the Ceiling

By Edith Cherrington

THE sky is the ceiling of God's great
house.

The clouds are the curtains white
Fastened from bars of evening stars
Which hold the shades of night.

The house of God is dark and cool
When the lantern moon swings high.
When night is done God lights the sun
And sets it in the sky.

Retrospect

By Claire S. Boyer

I AM not proud of anything I've done.
Of wealth, or wisdom, or of honors
won;

But of the unkind words I didn't say,
Of slight dishonesties I pushed away,
Of paths where I forbade my feet to
stray.

Of these alone I can be proud today.

Prairie Guardsmen

(Spear Grass)

By Pearl Riggs Crouch

LEAGUE upon league the guardsmen
stand,
All sheathed their blades, their crests
a-gleam;
Dimly, the prairie's drowsy peace
Shadows a far, discordant dream!

Out of the hills a rush of wings
Sweeping a whistling swathe of woe!
Vainly, the army, swords a-flash,
Locks with a fierce, a viewless foe!

* * *

Lulled by the prairie's golden peace,
Tangled and torn the army lies;
Tender, the mourning requiem,
Chastened, the glory of the skies.

Yet when the scarlet poppies blow,
League upon league, like Cadmus' men,
All sheathed their blades, their crests
a-gleam,
Brave shall the guardsmen stand again!

Old Things

By Harry Elmore Hurd

OLD sticks, dry sticks, crackling in the
fire.

Set my blood a-boiling,
Heat me with desire. . . .
O'd men, gray men, talking by the sea,
Boasting—arguing. . . .
Stir the brain of me. . . .
Old tunes, tried tunes, tunes of yesterday,
Quicken me to loving,
Steal my heart away. . . .
Old tales, queer tales, slightly out of date,
Get a lot of sneering
But they don't evaporate. . . .
Old friends, dear friends, O, I know a few,
For us there is no turning,
We are old but true. . . .



Rain on the Great American Desert

By Harry Elmore Hurd

ALL of the little lambs are glad
For rain upon the sandy hills.
The thirsty desert wets its lips
And the heart of every grass blade
thrills.
The river laughs at the angry sky. . . .
Nevada rain is a blessed thing. . . .
The dusty canyons dress in green
And all of the worried ranchers sing.

Don't

By Vinna Hale Cannon

DON'T talk of your ills if you really
want health;
Don't cry over losses in striving for
wealth;
To fret at your work makes capacity less;
To believe you're disliked sows the seed of
distress.
If you find fault with others, they'll pick
flaws in you;
While to apprehend evil just helps it come
true.
If you boast of intentions they'll rarely
be done—
Don't prate about winning until you have
won
If the present holds less than the past,
do not mourn,—
On the wings of the future success may be
borne.

Opportunity's lack if you pause to com-
plain
May cost what you have, and retard all
your gain.
Don't wait that this world yields but failu-
re and doubt,—
Just such thinking conduces to bring it
about.

Always

By Cristel Hastings

ALWAYS the wind sings of ships to
me—
Of ships and the whisper of foam—
Always I see tall swaying spars
With the sails all set for home.

The winds that come up from the sea
Breathe tales of star-lined skies—
They tell me things that have to do
With a sea gull's plaintive cries.

They tell of clanking anchor chains
And the lookout's lonely cry—
The stroke of bells and a hawser's creak
And the spindrift flying by.

I'm lonely for seas and home-bound ships,
For yarns that seamen spin,
As I wait for to-morrows that never dawn
And ships that never come in.



GLANCING THROUGH

In Defense of Luxury

("Harper's," for Sept., 1932)

By J. B. S. HALDANE

LUXURY today has the flavor of vice, while in the old world it was almost a virtue. Aristotle describes a virtue called magnificence, which would not be unlike what we call luxury; but with the spread of Christianity, luxury was no longer extolled. Now it has fallen into disrepute. We are told that it softens body and soul, and renders the luxurious incapable of serious work; that it is unnatural. Some biologists say that a man or woman bred in luxury is not so good an animal as one who has to endure discomfort and hardship. Moralists say that luxury is to be condemned on all higher grounds—that luxury is unevenly distributed; that people who are used to it are unhappy without it; that what was good enough for the past should be for us; that pleasures are bad. Some of these counts may contain some truth, but there are perhaps compensating gains.

The simplest living beings of which we know can flourish only in a certain environment, as the higher forms require a more special kind of environment. The diphtheria organism multiplies at an immense rate in the human throat, but not elsewhere. Other forms of simple and more complex life require specific conditions of temperature and food; at every step in the process the cell becomes more dependent on its artificial environment and more helpless when this is altered. All of which is luxury.

It is not, I think, so much the intellectual as the moral and hygienic progress of humanity which has been conditioned by luxury. Intellectual work requires only a modicum of leisure, peace and quiet, and absence of muscular fatigue, and these are not excessive luxuries. Until seventy years ago, when Pasteur discovered the nature of infectious diseases, progress in the art of healthy living was almost wholly due to the spread of luxury. Cooking, which killed bacteria, began because

food was more tasty, or luxurious, when cooked. Baths, once considered a great luxury, were hard on the louse which carried typhus, and the flea which spread bubonic plague; luxury resulted in better health.

Our ancestors' luxuries are our necessities. Today we would consider it impossible to have a fire in a house without a chimney; yet chimneys are comparatively recent. Glass panes in windows were luxuries once noted as a symptom of the corruption of the times.

Occasionally our ancestors' necessities have become our luxuries; we work hard to get time to hunt and fish, or dig in the garden for fun. Sometimes we will perhaps be willing to pay for a place in a factory, as a change from pure thought.

All art is luxury, but all luxuries are not artistic. Every art form generates a vast amount of technical practice which is mistaken for art, but sometimes strangles it. Pictures on the wall are considered artistic, while in reality a beautiful telephone receiver may be more so than the average picture. I should be glad to surrender to the moralists most pictures and sculpture to be found in private homes if they would leave us my motor car and my wife's silk hose.

I wish I could claim that my car enables me to do extra work. It saves me time and fatigue, but diminishes my output of work. I can write on a train, but I drive instead, and cannot write in an automobile. Of course I have seen more of England—I am much more clear about cyclamens. They are keys to heaven—while I look at them, I am incapable of a really ugly thought or act. They enable me to live on a somewhat higher level than I could without them. My wife's clothes do the same for her, if they are becoming; yet both are luxuries.

Luxury is the mother of moral progress. Consider kindness to animals—when we know how delightful it is to live without pain, we endeavor to make the lives of even animals painless. If we are kind to men, we may be doing it to earn their gratitude; if we are considerate of

spiritual beings, we may hope for reward; but kindness to a frog is a disinterested form of benevolence, and therefore more morally pure. Because of the luxuries we have had, we not only try to keep our fellow-men from starving, but to put into their lives happiness too.

In any case, I should not attack luxuries, for I am one. The world can get along without authors. Because the Goths spared Athens on account of her great intellectual past is no reason to suppose that a modern civilization would preserve Cambridge because of Newton, Darwin or Milton. It is mainly as a luxury that I can be justified; and in that capacity I plead for other luxuries.

Hangover—1932

(The Forum, Sept., 1932)

IN 1922 there appeared in a magazine some high sounded phrases which I had written: "We refuse any longer to accept ideas at second-hand. . . . We are determined not to let our world be wrecked again by smug, ferocious or bungling elders. . . . We intend to find out everything for ourselves, and to build a lasting structure upon the foundations of fearless Truth and untiring Effort. . . ." Now, ten years later, I sit and stare with impotent anxiety at the spectacle of my country plunged into despair; I dole out what is left of my dollars for life's necessities. I wonder upon my words of a decade ago, and am not amused. I might laugh wearily, or chuckle wryly, but I can't, for somewhere within me is the feeling that my words need not have been hollow; that the tragedy of my country, my generation and myself lies in having abandoned any real attempt at such a program as I suggested. Although we learn from history that we learn nothing from history, I propose to review my individual experience and see if it sheds some ray upon the general causes of failure, and, perhaps, give warning, if not aid.

My forebears have lived in North America since the early 1600's—English middle-class, Protestants, non-con-

formists. Boyhood in raucous, vivid Chicago was followed by education in a small eastern college, and then by unsuccessful years in business, while I dreamed about writing. Then I went to war. I was going to avenge poor little Belgium, to rescue delightful France; jolly old England and my native land should not be threatened long! I was a Crusader, on fire. Of course I was a rotten soldier, hating to take orders without explanations, and liking to give them. My panic at the idea of being wiped out was not so great as my fear of wiping someone else out. I told my Commander, about my terror, and he, sympathizing with me, put me into the Ordnance department. I emerged from the war with all the idealism gone—I was an incipient chiseler and petty politician. My colleagues all shared my anger and disillusionment, for we felt that everybody, everywhere, had lost the war; that we had been cajoled and mesmerized by older individuals into the whole thing. We talked a lot about it and exhibited dissatisfaction and unrest. When our elders remonstrated with us, we repulsed them with rude noises; when they offered advice, we were defiant. More from a sense of duty than pleasure, we behaved badly, and they began to refer to us as the Younger Generation, with capitals which implied disapprobation.

Then I decided to write, and went into publicity and advertising. There the element of fake reared its ugly head. I wrote praises about things which were not praiseworthy. I discovered that no article is as important as the salesmanship of it. And soon I applied this principle to a product of my own—my writing. I knew the highly-flavored vernacular of my people—the consistent misuse of the English language. So I put my thoughts into it, called my book "In American," and it caught on at once. I had an audience. I was one of the Younger Generation. Many of us were zealous again—to bring great things to pass, but most of us sold out. Pieces of silver looked pretty and useful. Idealism in the face of public boredom was a stupid gesture. Why not cash in?

So I went the way of all fish, and played the youth game for all it was worth. While part of me was trying to produce serious poetry and run the literary section of a large news-

paper, the other was turning out fictional tripe, while I worked furiously at dancing, making wise-cracks, golf and being young. Everybody was prosperous; wages were high, magazines paid well. For awhile I wanted honestly to do something decent—but Circe blew her horn—I dashed to the banquet.

The talkies had just come into their first popularity, and they invited me to come. I went. For two years I hauled in a salary which even then I felt was out of keeping with the value of my contributions. For awhile, I turned out jobs I was not ashamed of. Then the bloom wore off. Hollywood, after a year, revealed itself as one vast, incredible racket. It was a great madhouse. Money was a plaything. All of America was in a whirl. We were off on a joy ride—a million miles a minute, bound for perpetual prosperity. Easy money—get yours. The millennium of something for nothing had arrived. And then the balloon collapsed. I still owe my banker 17 dollars, whereas at one time I had practically enough to keep me the rest of my life in great comfort. And now I am back at scratch, along with the rest of the country; and I gaze in dismay upon the spectacle of the nation running about in a frenzy. I hear screams for a leader!

Perhaps—dare I say it? Perhaps there is a whole generation of leaders in the making—a generation that will build upon the ruins, sweep aside all the idiocies and cheapness and false standards, and restore to America her

lost decency, faith and fortitude. Seddom has there been so immense an opportunity as lies before you boys and girls who are emerging into the activities of a sorry world. It's a tough job, but you might be able to clean up the mess. Don't sell yourselves! Cling to your ideals, no matter how discouraging it is. I point out to you the words "honor" and "integrity." Dust them off. Emblazon them on your banners. Carry them high. In the long run, they seem to be the only ones that matter.

In Defense of the Happy Home

(Scribner's for Sept., 1932)

By

CATHERINE MORRIS WRIGHT

IT appears to be good taste to speak of your troubles and bad taste to speak of your delights. The magazines are so full of reports of unhappiness that I shall venture the violation of the taboo, and tell how one happy family lives. There are plenty of homes where content and good will are taken for granted; where men love their wives and mothers their children, and they're not dull, either.

My husband is thoughtful and cheerful, but he can get angry when there is cause. He never does without cause. I do, five or six times a day, but always am relieved after a strenuous outbreak. My husband, teaching, writing, and several other things, is very busy; I paint whenever I can find the time. We don't bother with the technicalities of each other's work, but are interested in the efforts and accomplishments of the other.

We both like simple living, embroidered by sophistication in the right place. We go to bed early unless there is a party, and then the later it is the better we like it. We sleep well, because we are well. We get up early in the morning when necessary, but usually not too early. I lunch with the children, and we have fun. In the evening, if we're alone, we sing or write, or weed the lawn. Life is peaceful, interrupted by diverting excitements. We had a murder in our lane; we had drunken bootleggers wake us up at midnight; we had skunks in the cellar. How can one be blue in the face of such hourly interruptions?



Autumn In Utah

Lights & Shadows on the Screen



NOTE: In Hollywood, and the East representatives of women's organizations are previewing and estimating current pictures. Usually each group has its own individual method of circulating its judgments. This list covers the joint estimates framed by six in consultation with each other. The groups are—

National Council of Jewish Women.
National Society Daughters of the American Revolution.

National Society of New England Women.

General Federation of Women's Clubs (West Coast Committee).

Congress of Parents and Teachers (California Committee).

Women's University Club of Los Angeles.

Unless variations of opinion are noted, the following estimates are unanimous.

The *Era* feels safe in accepting the estimates of these organizations, knowing that our aims are the same—finding the best in Motion Pictures. If members of the *Era* committee do not agree, a statement to that effect is made.

THE BEST OF THE SUMMER'S OUTPUT

American Madness. Columbia. Cast: Walter Huston, Constance Cummings, Kay Johnson, Pat O'Brien.

One of the best. Stemming the tide of distrust and financial fear by confidence, sanity and faith in human integrity. A timely and stirring picture. Enthusiastically recommended for dramatic treatment and fine acting and directing.

Beyond the Rockies. R. K. O. Family. Cast: Tom Keene, Rochelle Hudson, Julian Rivero, Marie Wells.

Unusually entertaining for a "western" because of slightly different twists given to old plot. Interesting country, good voices, of unusual interest to juniors.

Being 'Em Back Alive. R. K. O. Family.

A very remarkable and outstanding production of authentic scenes in the Malay jungles where Frank Buck's job is to capture wild animals for zoo and circus. Humor, tragedy, excitement. Highly recommended. Family and Junior Matinee.

Brown At Culver. Universal. Cast: Tom Brown, Slim Summerville, H. B. Warner, Richard Cromwell.

Unusual. A picture that parents will welcome. To be recommended, without reservation, for young people—character building throughout. Family.

Congress Dances. UFA. Cast: Lilian Harvey, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, Henry Garst.

Vienna in 1814. Bewitching charm and beauty in every scene. Highest artistic values. Remarkable, subtle, exquisite workmanship, gorgeous costume and music. Family.

Down To Earth. Fox. Cast: Will Rogers, Dorothy Jordan, Irene Rich.

A sequel to "They Had To See Paris." Based on present day depression. Resume of Rogers' recent newspaper comments. Clean, wholesome, less entertaining than most of Rogers' pictures. Family.

Iglloo. Distributed by Universal.

Life among the Eskimos 500 miles from the North Pole. Recommended for its splendid photography, its educational value, its interesting types of heroism. The story is somewhat thin and some of the scenes too tragic for young children. A picture of unique interest to adults and family audiences.

Make Me A Star. Paramount. Cast: Stuart Irwin, Joan Blondell, Zazu Pitts, Ben Turpin.

Merton of the Movies up to date. A genuine study of the human heart, splendidly done. Adding interest to the picture are the shots of prominent stars as they go about the lot and to "prevues." All ages.

My Pal, The King. Universal. Cast: Tom Mix, Mickey Rooney, Paul Hurst, Noel Frances, Stuart Holmes, James Kirkwood.

As an exhibitor of a Wild West show in a small European kingdom. Mix becomes the friend of a boy king and is involved in a spectacular rescue of the small monarch from a traitorous prime minister. Excellent humor, philosophy, sympathetic appeal and romance. Family.

Love Me Tonight. Paramount. Cast: Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Charles Ruggles, Charles Butterworth.

The story of a princess and a tailor with a fairy-tale touch. More serious than Chevalier's others. Unusual photography, excellent direction and dialogue. Adults and young adults. The unnecessary introduction of suggestive dialogue, and a weak ending, detract from an otherwise good picture.

A Successful Calamity. Warner Brothers. Cast: George Arliss, Mary Astor.

A vivid and charming picture. Well cast and acted, the direction is slow but good and the story interesting and humorous. Family.

Twenty-Six Martyrs of Japan. Made in Japan, 1931.

The Christianizing work of the Catholic Church in Japan in the 16th Century. A very unusual type of picture. Reverent, often very beautiful, well worth a serious audience. Family.

Washington Masquerade. M. G. M. Cast: Lionel Barrymore, C. Henry Gordon, Karen Morley, Nils Asther.

Lionel Barrymore in a thrilling presentation of disintegration of character under the pressure of political lobbyists. An extraordinary and vital picture. Adults.

OF SECONDARY INTEREST

Bachelor's Affairs. Fox. Cast: Adolph Menjou, Joan Marsh, Minna Gombel, Herbert Mundin.

The excellent acting of the cast turn what might have been extreme farce into a light sophisticated comedy, which will probably entertain adult audiences by its realistic absurdities. Too mature for children.

Man From Yesterday. Paramount.

Dir.: Berthold Viertel. Cast: Clive Brook, Claudet Colbert, Charles Boyer, Andy Devine.

An Enoch Arden type of story. A vivid portrayal of a backneyed theme, intelligently done. A new slant on an after the war picture and another argument against war. Good for Adults—Doubtful for Juniors.

Million Dollar Legs. Paramount. Dir.: Eddie Cline. Cast: W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Hugh Herbert, Susan Fleming.

Farce in an absurd mythical kingdom and in the Olympic Games in Los Angeles. An attempt to revive an ancient form of broad comedy. Cheap but not very objectionable. Family.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Fox. From the book by Kate Douglass Wiggin. Dir.: Alfred Santel. Cast: Marion Nixon, Ralph Bellamy, Mae Marsh, Louise Closser Hale.

A pleasant, but saccharine story that does not measure up to the original book. Fair for Family and Junior Matinees.

Strangers of The Evening. Tiffany. Based on the novel, "The Illustrious Corpse." Dir.: Bruce Humberstone. Cast: Zasu Pitts, Harold Waldridge.

Burlesque in an undertaking parlor. Amusing in presentation. Adults.

Unshamed. M. G. M. Dir.: H. Beaumont. Cast: Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Young, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, Monroe Owsley.

Poorly developed murder and trial story. Adults.

Westward Passage. R. K. O. Dir.: Robert Nelson. Adaptation: Bradley King. Cast: Ann Harding, Laurence Olivier, Zasu Pitts, Irving Pichel.

Disappointing and annoying as the story is full of flaws and the theme demoralizing. Disregard for loyalty and duty color the whole. Good direction and casting but swamped by talking. Adults.

What Price Hollywood. R. K. O. Dir.: Zukor. Cast: Constance Bennett, Lowell Sherman, Gregory Ratoff, Neil Hamilton.

A clever study of Hollywood, sparkling, satirical yet more kindly than "Once In A Lifetime." Good acting and able direction. The Women's University Club recommends it for adults only, the others for older juniors as well.

PICTURES FOR AUTUMN RELEASE

After Divorce. M. G. M. Cast: Jackie Cooper, Conrad Nagel, Lewis Stone, Lois Wilson. A simple story of the unhappiness of a child following divorce of his parents. Exceedingly well-told and acted. Family.

All America... Universal. Cast: Richard Arlen, Gloria Stuart, Jane Clyde, Andy Devine.

A picture in which the 1931 All

American Football team is included, with other football stars. Unusual, thrilling, with colorful background. Family.

Animal Kingdom. R. K. O. Cast: Leslie Howard, Ann Harding, Karen Morley.

Real drama, within the framework of clever and sophisticated comedy. Concerns the quest of a man for the ideal woman. Adults and young adults.

Back Street. Universal. Cast: Irene Dunne, John Boles, Zasu Pitts. Food for thought in this human story which is interpreted with sensitiveness and sincerity. Miss Dunne gives exceptionally fine performance in the role of a woman whose life is tragic because of her love. Some will find objectionable features. Adults only.

The Big Broadcast. Paramount. Cast: Stuart Erwin, Kate Smith, Leila Hyams, and other radio people who have become familiar. Adults and young adults.

Bitter Tea of General Yen. Columbia. Cast: Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Astor, Walter Connelley.

Story of a New England girl in Shanghai who becomes a captain in the army during a civil war. Interesting and exceptional. Adults and young adults.

Cavalcade. Fox. The filming of a great English stage play which, according to reports, has proved a strong factor in welding together the British Empire. Family.

Corned. Columbia. Cast: Tim McCoy, Noah Beery.

Western story of an honorable sheriff who allows his best friend to escape the law, and as a result loses his badge and reputation of honor. Family, if they like westerns.



Crooked Circle. Cast: Ben Lyon, Zasu Pitts, James Gleason, Irene Purcell. An amusing mixture of creepy mystery and farce comedy in a haunted house. Adults and young Adults.

Crooner. Warner Bros. Cast: David Manners, Ann Dvorak.

Entertaining story of rise and fall of radio "crooner." Timely, clever, never overdone, it is first class entertainment. Family.

Congorilla. Distributed by Fox. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson have taken camera into the jungles of Africa, and have brought back some marvelous scenes. While not new in any way, there are unusual parts. Worthwhile. Family.

Medical Missions in Africa. This picture, showing how health and happiness are slowly coming to Africa through the study and control of sleeping sickness and leprosy, and the principles of medicine, nursing, sanitation and proper food, can be booked through the Y. M. C. A. Motion Picture Bureau, New York or Chicago.

The Most Dangerous Game. R. K. O. Cast: Fay Wray, Joel McRea.

This story of a big game hunter who goes insane after an injury, is weird and original. It is good entertainment for those who enjoy mystery, adventure, and some horror. Not for children.

Mr. Robinson Crusoe. United Artists. The Douglas Fairbanks' production filmed in the South Seas, offers delightful entertainment. Amusing and entertaining. Family.

Okay America. Universal. Cast: Lew Ayres, Maureen O'Sullivan.

The story of a capture of gang leaders by a young newspaper columnist, after they have abducted a wealthy girl. Dramatic value is increased through the sacrifice of the boy's life. Adults and young Adults.

Phantom President. Paramount. Cast: Geo. M. Cohan, Claudette Colbert, Jimmy Durante.

A musical comedy satire on politics and political life. Enjoyable. Family. 70,000 Witnesses. Paramount. Cast: Phillips Holmes, Dorothy Jordan, Charles Ruggles.

Football story which is different. A mystery which is solved when the police force the two teams to re-enact the game. Adults and young adults.

State Fair. Fox. Cast: Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Jimmy Dunn, Sally Eilers.

Story of a nice mid-western farm family, as happily human as anyone could wish. Delightful. Family.

Washington Merry-go-round. Columbia. Cast: Lee Tracy, Donald Cook. A story which has for a basis the subject of national politics and the social and diplomatic events of Washington. Adults.

Church Music

Suggestions for Thanksgiving and Christmas

AS an aid to Chorists who desire special Choir selections for Thanksgiving and Christmas the following are suggested as appropriate and worthy of performance.

For Thanksgiving

ANTHEMS

"Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem," Maunder, Ditson Co.
 "A Psalm of Gratitude," Cadman, Ditson Co.
 "An Anthem for Thanksgiving," Nordman, Ditson Co.
 "Thanks be to God," Spence, Ditson Co.
 "Prayer of Thanksgiving," Kremser, Ditson Co.
 "Fear Not, O Land," Maker, Boston Music Co.
 "A Song of Thanksgiving," Allitsen, Boosey & Co.
 "A Psalm of Praise," Cadman, White-Smith Co.
 "Sing Praises," Wareing-Gray, J. A. Parks Co.
 "Thanks be to God," Dickson, Enoch & Sons.
 "Autumnal Praise," Fillmore, Fillmore.
 "Sowing and Reaping," Fillmore, Fillmore.

CANTATAS

"Praise Jehovah," Huhn, Boston Music Co.

"Praise and Thanksgiving," Marsh, The Arthur P. Schmidt Co.
 "Song of Thanksgiving," Maunder, Novello.
 "The Pilgrims of 1620," Hosmer, Ditson Co.

For Christmas

ANTHEMS

"While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," Hosmer, Ditson Co.
 "Awake, Put on Thy Strength," Frey, Ditson Co.
 "While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night," Lemont, Ditson Co.
 "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," Lemont, Ditson Co.
 "Thou Holy Babe of Bethlehem," Spence, Ditson Co.
 "The Message of Peace," Dressler, Ditson Co.
 "There Were Shepherds," Vincent, The Willis Music Co.
 "Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices," Steane, Arthur P. Schmidt Co.
 "What Sudden Blaze of Song," Lemare, Arthur P. Schmidt Co.
 "The Heavens Declare the Glory of God," Marchant, Arthur P. Schmidt Co.
 "Hark, the Hosts of Heaven are Singing," Geibel, White-Smith.
 "O'er the World in Silence Sleeping," Harris, Arthur P. Schmidt Co.
 "Shout the Glad Tidings," Russell, Arthur P. Schmidt Co.

"Sing, O Heavens," Kilgour, Arthur P. Schmidt Co.
 "Mortals, Awake," Berwald, Presser.
 "Sing, O Heavens," Schuker, Presser.
 "Brightest and Best of the Songs of Morning," Buck, Presser.
 "Tidings of Joy," Gresselle, Lorenz.
 "The Watch by the Fold," Wilson, Lorenz.
 "Hosanna in the Highest," Wooler, Lorenz.

CANTATAS

"The Righteous Branch," Clough-leigher, Arthur P. Schmidt Co.
 "The Manger Throne," Manney, Ditson Co.
 "The Night of a Star," Protheroe, Ditson Co.
 "The Lord is Come," Lorenz, Lorenz.
 "The Story of a Christmas Gift," Dale, Lorenz.
 "King All-Glorious," Nolte, Lorenz.
 "The Light Eternal," Petrie, Lorenz.
 "The Song and The Star," Holton, Lorenz.
 "The Resurrection Hope," Adam, Lorenz.
 "The Wondrous Light," Stults, Presser.
 "The Promised Child," Stults, Presser.
 "King of Kings and Lord of All," Stults, Presser.
 "Prince of Peace," Wolcott, Presser.
 "The Wondrous Story," Kountz, Witmark & Sons.

Suitable Music for Worship

IN providing for the music part of our worship two things should be kept in mind constantly by chorists and organists, appropriateness and variety. There is more frequent lack of variety possibly than of appropriateness in our services. The personnel of our music forces is changing constantly, and too often there is a makeshift use of music, a last-moment, hurried, thoughtless provision that has in it only the element of emergency and of saving our face. Believing that there are a great many of our musicians who would like to make preparations but do not know where to look for appropriate literature for the music of our service, the Church Music Committee presents herewith suitable and adequate selections and collections, chosen over a period of several years, obtainable from the Deseret Book Company.

For Choirs

ANTHEMS

Temple Anthems—Vol. I, New Edition. A collection of popular anthems, Edited by Evan Stephens.
 Each.....50c Per Dozen.....\$5.00
 Temple Anthems—Vol. II, An entirely new collection of popular Anthems. Edited by Evan Stephens.
 Each.....50c Per Dozen.....\$5.00
 Five Favorite Anthems—Third edition. Bound in one book consisting of Song of the Redeemed, Let the Mountains Shout for Joy, Grant Us Peace, Oh Lord, In Our Redeemer's Name and Hosannah Anthems.
 Each.....30c Per Dozen.....\$3.00
 Gates' Modern Anthems—
 Each.....50c Per Dozen.....\$4.00
 Deseret Anthems—Vol. I, Six Anthems selected and published by the Church Music Committee.
 Each.....35c Per Dozen.....\$3.50
 Deseret Anthems—Vol. II, This book contains ten new Anthems by L. D. S.

composers. Selected by the Church Music Committee.
 Each.....50c Per Dozen.....\$5.00
 Deseret Anthems—Vol. III, This book contains favorite Anthems by L. D. S. composers, which have not been obtainable for a number of years. Their great value to the choirs of the Church and the general demand for them by chorists prompted their re-issuance in the present volume. In as much as these are selections glorifying our beliefs and history the chorists of the Church are urged by the Church Music Committee to renew the use of the selections found in volume three.
 Each.....50c Per Dozen.....\$5.00

HYMN BOOKS

Latter-day Saint Hymns—This book contains 419 songs. Over one hundred of these are new songs, many of the old songs have been given new settings. It is intended that this book shall take the place of the "L. D. S. Psalmody," "The Songs of Zion" and the small "Hymn Book," being a combination of the best to be found in these three books.

Aaronic Priesthood

Fall Campaign Begins in Earnest

AN intensive campaign to reach every member of the Aaronic Priesthood is under way with the coming of the fall season. Aaronic Priesthood Committees in Stakes and Boards of Supervisors in Wards are expected to be fully organized and functioning according to the plan outlined in Handbook Number 14 issued by the Presiding Bishopric and special instructions printed in all rollbooks for Aaronic Priesthood Quorums this year. These instructions outline fully the duties of Stake Committees and Ward Supervisors as well as setting forth fully the duties to be assigned to members of the three grades of Aaronic Priesthood.

Correlation Committees Urged to Activity

IN the majority of the Stakes and Wards Correlation committees have been formed but not all are functioning according to the plan outlined. It is urged that all Stake Chairmen and all Ward Bishoprics take up this work at once in vigorous fashion in order that all members of the Aaronic Priesthood and especially all young men 12 to 20 years of age may be brought into activity without delay.

Priesthood and Correlation Reports Requested

A DEFINITE campaign is now under way to secure regular monthly reports from all wards covering the activities of Aaronic Priesthood and the Correlation Committees. Ward groups are to report to Stake Chairmen of their respective groups and Stake Chairmen are to report to the Presiding Bishopric. Those stakes now sending in regular reports are showing splendid progress but the actual results of the efforts in either of these activities cannot be recorded until complete reports are received from all Stakes.

Primary Cooperation Plan Recommended

THE plan now in operation in the Primary associations of the Church to prepare young men for ordinations to the Aaronic Priesthood in cooperation with the Ward Supervisors of Deacons Quorums and to prepare them for Scouting in cooperation with the Scoutmasters is called to the attention

of those in charge in the hope that the plan will be adopted and followed in all Stakes and Wards. The plan contemplates complete cooperation between the supervisors of the Guide classes in the Trail Builders section of the Primary and the Supervisors of Deacon's Quorum from the time each boy becomes eleven years of age until he is presented to the Bishop as a worthy candidate for the office of Deacon in the Aaronic Priesthood, having been prepared and qualified. The same plan is to be followed in preparing boys to become Scouts, the Scoutmaster cooperating with the leader of the Guide class to prepare all boys to become Scouts upon reaching their twelfth birthday. Under this plan advancement from Primary to the Deacons' Quorums and into Scouting are to be made each quarter, March, June, September and December, anticipating wherever occasion requires the coming birthdays of boys in order that they may not be held too long awaiting advancement. Primary officers have been properly instructed and will gladly cooperate. Primary courses for boys eleven years of age have been prepared with the purpose in view of preparing them for these two important steps which should occur as nearly as possible to their twelfth birthdays.

Genealogical Study Stressed

WHERE Ward Supervisors of Aaronic Priesthood Quorums

have not yet undertaken the study of Genealogical work as provided in the lesson books for the Priests, Teachers and Deacons to be used as the lesson material one meeting each month it is urged that this be done. Excellent results have been secured where the study plan outlined in the regular texts is followed and the genealogy lessons are among the most interesting. Complete instructions as to the method of presenting the lessons are found in each of the lesson books. Special attention is directed to the Book of Remembrance activity. Where full information is not available to the Supervisor it may be had by writing to the Genealogical Society of Utah, 47 East South Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah. A careful study of the plan is urged upon all Supervisors and by Bishoprics where lesson work is carried on by them.

Conditions surrounding our young people today should spur every leader to renewed activity in order that all may have full advantage of the many helpful agencies the Church offers.

Nineteen Stakes Reach Twenty-five Percent or More in August

NINETEEN stakes maintained an average attendance of 25% or more of total Aaronic Priesthood membership at Quorum meetings during the month of August. This splendid showing has been made in the face of difficulties incident to the summer season and other conditions which have had a tendency to decrease attendance. The stakes making this splendid record in order of their standing are:

Maricopa	35
Granite	35
Juarez	34
Ogden	33
Oneida	32
Hollywood	30
Lahi	30
Cache	29
Pocatello	29
Young	29
Logan	28
Los Angeles	28
Pioneer	28
Shelley	27
Curlew	26
North Davis	26
Taylor	26
Bear Lake	25
St. Joseph	25

Practically all stakes in the list are operating the Aaronic Priesthood Correlation plan.

To Dad

By Gladys Hendrickson

I'LL never see
The sun on silver water
But I shall think of you;
I'll never see
The flash of winging bluebird
But I'll remember someone's
Eyes are blue—;
I'll never feel
The thrill of new endeavor
But I'll remember someone
Blazed the trail.
Through your deep love
And dreams of all things sporting
You've given me a code
I cannot fail.

I think of you
When April blows the sweetest—
With you I face
A driving summer rain.
These things will
Take your place, perhaps
Dad, darling.
Until I find my way
Back home again.



MUTUAL MESSAGES



Executive Department

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,

Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,

General Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

Singing Courses for Ladies

NOBLE CAIN'S work with the M. I. A. combined choruses in the 1932 June Conference will never be forgotten. At this point may we ask all those who were present and who are to continue in this work to list the points Mr. Cain seems especially to stress, such as, proper pronunciation as illustrated in the words "roses" and "holy," as also his emphasis upon the need of pianissimo work in choral singing. One comment came after the concert, "It was such a relief to know that good choral singing could be soft." Let us make the most of the opportunity which was ours by applying the same principles which Mr. Cain so emphatically worked for to all the numbers we use.

It is hoped that all ward and stake executives will have filled the positions of music director that the work may go forward from the beginning of the year. These directors should immediately find the date of their Quarterly Conference occurring in January, February or March and begin plans for their coming stake festival.

Following is a list of numbers which have already been published for the course for ladies' three part work with an analysis of each:

1. "Elegie," by Jules Massenet,

page 48 of the Program Chorus Book, carries a beautiful but sorrowful feeling throughout the number, and would be ruined by the slightest feeling of hurry. Its melody is plaintive and sweet and must be sung in a very controlled, legato style, and the phrasing carefully adhered to. Care should be taken in the first measure and the repetitions thereof that no accent be given the high note. The song gives much opportunity for shading.

2. "O For the Wings of a Dove," by Felix Mendelssohn, page 72, Program Chorus Book. The general characteristics of this number are brightness and airiness. The only difficulty might be in the singing of triplet groups, in many of which the first note is tied to a preceding quarter. Singers may be misled by the position of the notes in measure one of line two on page 75. The alto notes for the third beat should be sung simultaneously with the syllable "main" which is sung by the sopranos. Watch carefully the pianissimo passages in contrast to the fortissimo.

3. "Calm as the Night," Carl Bohm, page 84, Program Chorus Book. This number is an ardent love song which is well known to most of us. It should be sung with fervor and

with definite attention to markings. Considerable effect may be attained in the climax at the bottom of page 86 and by finishing the song with a pianissimo passage. The alto part carries the melody on the second line of page 84 and again on the second line of page 86 in measures, 3, 4 and 5 and should here predominate in the harmony.

4. "By Bendemeer's Stream," page 138 of the Program Chorus Book, is a quaint old Irish folk melody, full of sweet and gentle sentiment.

5. "The Rainbow," by Ethel Boyce, is the most difficult and offers the greatest possibility of the numbers programmed for ladies' voices. Its subject is serious and very beautiful, the meaning of the words very adequately indicated in the music by changes of tempo, accents, staccato notes, pianissimo and forte passages. The song is begun softly and slowly and with very smooth movement. Note the change from 4-4 time of the first page to 3-4 in the second and back again to 4-4 on the last line of the same page. This change occurs again on page 7. The pianissimo markings in the number must be carefully watched in order to make the desired effect.

The Attitude of the General Boards Towards Adopted Books

EACH year the General Boards of Mutual Improvement Associations adopt on the annual reading course some books which are written by non-members of the Church. Occasionally also texts for courses of study, prepared by non-Mormon writers, are used. Thus it is possible to bring to the M. I. A. membership literature from outstanding authors, both of fiction and upon vital problems of the day, with which they might not otherwise contact.

Sometimes, however, it happens that in these books occur certain situ-

ations and statements which may not be in harmony with Latter-day Saint ideals and teachings; it would be almost impossible to find works written by non-members of the Church which could measure up to these standards in every instance.

Likewise it would be scarcely possible to find a book, particularly one treating on a scientific subject, which could be accepted in its entirety by all its readers. During the season of 1931-32 the book, "How to Live," by Fisher & Fiske, was used as the text for the Adult Department. There

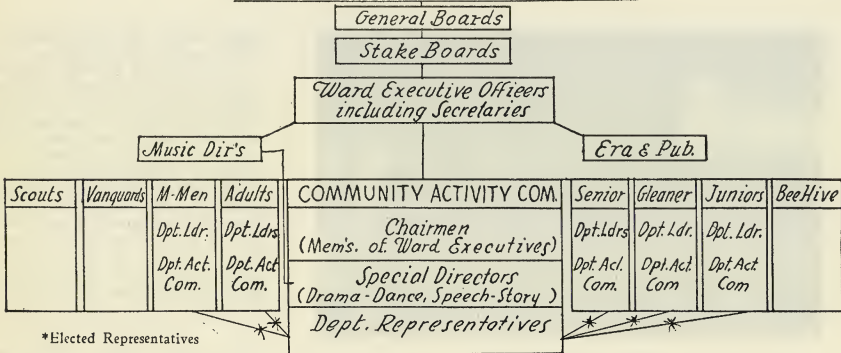
was so much in this book that supported, scientifically, the Word of Wisdom on which the M. I. A. slogan for the year was based, that it was felt to be a great contribution to the cause. However, a few persons, both in the medical profession and among those who care for the sick by other methods, have found certain statements in this book which they do not approve. To these friends the General Boards can only state that they neither favor nor discriminate against any group or class but wish to offer to their members as far as possible only the most helpful information.

It is hoped that the members of the M. I. A. will read with discrimination: learning to evaluate the literary merits of each book presented, opening their minds to the viewpoint of the author, and weighing carefully his message. Especially should they learn to analyze

each principle or ideal set forth and measure it by the standards of the Gospel, and if any particular sentence or paragraph or even chapter is not in harmony with the teachings of the Church they should know at once that those particular passages are not en-

dorsed by the General Boards. They should appreciate the fact that an otherwise excellent book need not be discarded because of one or two erroneous statements; or because there may be certain theories advanced with which they do not personally agree.

ORGANIZATION PLAN OF M-I-A



THE above is a diagram planned to make clear the relationships of the Executive officers of the Mutual Improvement Association to the departments. In an effort to simplify the plan of recreational leadership in the ward, and also to give to members of the various classes opportunity to develop, it is the plan

for the coming season that each department (except Bee-Hive, Vanquards and Scouts) elect from their own membership an activity committee of three or five, one of whom will represent them in the ward community activity committee. The class committees will have direction (with the cooperation of the class leader) of the

monthly department programs. The community activity committee (consisting of two executives, special directors of music, drama, dance, speech and retold story, and the class representatives) will have direction of M. I. A. and other ward activities, and the second-period activity program of the Tuesday night M. I. A. meeting.

Sunday Evening Joint Sessions for November

GENERAL Theme: Building Latter-day Saints through Recreation. "The opportunity of the hour—to enrich leisure—to spiritualize recreation."

Jesus said: Overcome evil with good.

When the mind is filled with thoughts of beauty and an appreciation of the Creator through his creations, there is no place for that which is gross, ugly or debasing. Where there is clean, uplifting, joyous activity, evil cannot enter.

At the First International Recreation Congress, held in Los Angeles in July, many noteworthy expressions were given by those who have made Recreation a study. Some short quotations follow, which might give impetus and inspiration to a program devoted to this subject.

"Education for leisure is more important than education for labor"—Walter F. Dexter, Pres. Whittier College.

"Leisure is the time one has in which he may call his soul his own, and by soul we mean mind and body

together."—Harold Bowden. He also said: "There are four stages of leisure—the first, idleness; the second one, in which we allow ourselves to be entertained passively; the third, participation in physical activities; the fourth, education in leisure, which makes it possible to enjoy the higher intellectual pursuits."

"What value health, pride, power and fame unless there is more happiness? Health must be translated into the abundant life, and power into human happiness."—Jesse Fearing Williams, New York.

"Youth has an expectancy of thrills. Modern life is deficient in the hazards and romance which the Pioneers had as a matter of course. The boys and girls of today must turn elsewhere for their thrills, and supervised recreation can supply them."—Judge Robert H. Scott, Los Angeles.

"The body is not only the receptacle of the spirit; it is in itself a bit of spiritual flesh."

"Money used for a recreational program is not wasted—it is simply diverted from the delinquency budget."

Suggested Program:

1. Congregational Singing.

2. Prayer.

3. Musical Number.

4. Brief Talk on the Slogan for 1932-33—"We stand for the enrichment of life through the constructive use of leisure and personal service to fellow-man." Audience repeats slogan.

5. Musical number.

6. Short talks:

a. Music is a spiritual force in building character.
Its socializing power.
Its refining influence.
Its spiritual message.
Examples—the message of sacred songs; of L. D. S. Hymns: (See Chap. 10, Community Activity Manual).

b. Drama as a factor in education; in character building.
Examples — Spiritual messages of such plays as: "The Florist Shop" (See M. I. A. Plays for 1931-32); "Peggy" (See M. I. A. Plays for

- 1932-33); (See Chap. 9, Community Activity Manual).
- c. Speech, a gift from God. The importance of public address in teaching the Gospel, and in pointing out the high moral values of life.

- The importance of the story in delivering the message of Mormonism, and in stressing fundamental truths. (See Chapter 11, Community Activity Manual).
- d. Esthetic and Spiritual values in the Dance.

- The dance as a religious ceremony. Modern dancing as an expression of beauty and joy. (See chapter 8, Community Activity Manual).
7. Musical number.
8. Benediction.

Field Notes



"Days of Old Ft. Hall"

Reports of Activities Pocatello Stake

THE presentation of the pageant "Days of Old Fort Hall" is one of the outstanding recreational achievements of the Pocatello Stake. It was given before about 4,000 people on Hutchinson field, at the University of Idaho Southern Branch. It was under the direction of the Pocatello Stake M. I. A., given as a community project. The cast with the active committees made a total of about 500 engaged in the production of the pageant. The pageant was sponsored by the American Legion, and was the main event in the three-day celebration. It was written by Dr. Vio Mae Powell, head of the Dramatic department of the U. I. S. B., especially for the occasion.

The lighting effects and costuming were lovely, and the Indian tepees on the West end of the field, the Old Fort Hall on the East, and a background of forest through which the Indians, trappers, traders and settlers entered gave a very spectacular setting to the whole scene.

The prologue opened with a scene from the Land of the Shoshones and Sacagawea is captured by the Minatarees, followed by many episodes depicting the life of those early days.

The fact that the American Legion regarded the M. I. A. of the Mormon Church to be the logical agency for the handling of this community pageant, is a distinct compliment to the work of the organization. And the re-

sults of the project would indicate that they were not mistaken in trusting it to the M. I. A.—*Birdie Middendorf.*

Ogden Stake

ON Saturday evening, August sixth, the activities of the Ogden Stake reunion culminated in a magnificent panoramic review of the Wheels of Progress. Twelve episodes, dedicated to the Spirit of the Development of the West, were presented by the twelve wards of the Stake. Five hundred and forty people participated and approximately five thousand witnessed the production which was presented in the Ogden stadium.

Beginning with the atmosphere of Indian life before the wheels of progress had left any imprint on the unexplored soil of the West, the pageant pictured the trappers, the covered wagons, handcars, Pony Express, steam-

"Building the M. I. A."

THE suggestion that the Era sketch, "Building the M. I. A.," which was put on at June conference be repeated in the various wards and stakes is meeting with enthusiasm. The house and costumes used in the original production may be rented from the Sugar House Ward. Address inquiries to Mrs. N. G. Berndt, 1403 Redondo Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Road Show Contest

FOR details of this contest (announced last month) see page 747.

engine, survey, and other vehicles of 1900, bicycle, and the motor.

"Last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history"—Modern youth stepped out in the gala fashion of today, arriving in luxurious style, and participating in the types of activity and recreation so generously afforded by this enlightened age.

The Wheels of Progress, ceaselessly revolved by faith, hope, wisdom, and the power and the will to do, continued the steep and endless ascension of the mountains of life, never to be reversed; while we, of today, answered the echoing challenge of yesterday, to "Carry On!"

—Connie Osmond Bunnell.

Salt Lake Stake "Mothers and Daughters'" Party

"Love is our watchword, we shall nearer try to be, Mothers, yes, and daughters, we shall nearer be."

THE above couplet could be quoted as the keynote struck by the Mothers and Daughters of Salt Lake Stake, in their party held in the Sixteenth Ward, September 6, 1932. Five hundred and fifty Mothers and Daughters met, for the first time on a stake basis, in a "Mothers and Daughters'" party, under the direction of the Y. L. M. I. A. and the Relief Society. Inspiring and beautiful it was to see so many Junior and Gleaner girls proudly accompanied by their Mothers.

A delightful program was enjoyed, every note of which was a sweet and lovely tribute to Mother. Sister Zella Smith, Stake President of the Y. L. M. I. A., speaking for the girls read a beautiful poem, "Dear Mother of Mine," by Walter M. Horne. This was acknowledged by the Mothers, Sister Elizabeth C. Williams Stake President of the Relief Society, acting as spokeswoman, in words of love and understanding such as only real Mothers can utter. After a musical number and a reading, a short two-act play was presented by the Relief Society of the Fifteenth Ward. Four generations were depicted in this amusing little play—a young Girl of today, her Mother, her Grandmother and her Great Grandmother. The fashions, customs, songs and dances of each period were cleverly enacted. Dancing and singing were followed by refreshments.

Adults

THE Adult Department in every ward should now be organized and functioning with two class discussion leaders (a man and a woman) and a Department Activity Committee consisting of three or more (chosen from and by the membership of the class) one of whom represents the Adult Department on the Community Activity Committee of the M. I. A.

You should now be carrying out the following program on three of the Tuesday evenings each month:

7:45 to 8:30—Manual study—"A Rational Theory," under direction of class leaders.

8:30 to 9:15 — An appreciation course which you have chosen from the "Community Activity Manual," studied under direction of a representative or representatives from the Community Activity Committee.

Demonstrations and as much activity as possible should grow out of the appreciation course you have chosen. If it is speech or story telling you may have a talk or a story almost every night. If you have chosen drama or music, rehearsals may be conducted during the period from 8:30 to 9:15 o'clock if adequate provision is made for those not taking part.

On one Tuesday evening (preferably the first) in each month the entire evening is to be devoted to a social or to project work. A project should be chosen at once in every ward.

A class opening social was suggested for October 4th to arouse interest and secure membership. Below are suggestions taken from an address given by Dr. Franklin S. Harris at our June Conference and also a suggested program for the use of those who have chosen Abundant Reading as their project. This program or one of your own planning should be prepared for the evening of November 1st. The Adult Department Activity Committee has the responsibility of planning and conducting these monthly programs.

Abundant Reading

IN the Adult Department we have varied types of activities. One is the lesson work and that, of course, is the backbone of our program—it is the thing that carries us over since we like to study. Then there are other things more difficult to do because they are a little off the beaten path. In addition to the lesson work and related to it we have the appreciation courses. Then we have the projects; these require special effort if we are to be suc-

cessful. Our people as a class are inclined to have a well beaten path to the meeting house. We go there and sit and listen, and then we go home—and think we have done our full duty. But sometimes I think some of us lack a little in ingenuity, in doing something besides attend meetings.

"The project is an attempt for us to improve our conditions and not be content just to be preached to or taught; it is a program of action.

"One of the things that we think you can do is to provide abundant reading material, for, after all, one of the greatest opportunities of the modern world is to read. The object of the project is for us to get together during the year and see what are the ways by which we can bring adequate

reading material to Kanab, to Richfield, to Provo, to Salt Lake—to every community—so that every person may have it. If a person has adequate reading material, he can educate himself. If he doesn't have it in these modern days, even with the radio, even with the other devices for education, he will lead an empty, poor life compared with what he might lead.

"Let us take this project seriously. I am very much in earnest about the possibilities of our enriching the reading materials of our communities. It is a worthwhile project; let us put it over."

SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 1ST, ON ABUNDANT READING

1. Talk—Reading As A Project.

References: (a) Above article by Dr. Harris, (b) "Twelve Tests Of Character," by Fosdick, pages 1-17, (c) "What Is Thought," July number "Readers' Digest," page 41.

2. Discussion—(a) What reading materials are available in ward and community? (b) Survey to determine community assets and needs.

Suggestions: (1) Is there a public library in your community? (2) Do you have a ward library? (3) Do you have access to a school library? (4) Do all members of the Adult Department know how to make use of these? Have librarians explain. (5) What books have you in your own library that you would lend through a class librarian to other members of the Adult Department? (6) Furnish list of books you would recommend under suitable headings, viz., a. Fiction, b. Religion; c. Biography, etc. (7) Subscribe as a group for the "New York Times Book Review," "The Readers' Digest," or other publications and periodicals. (8) Purchase books which the group may select for class library from time to time. (9) Foster the reading habit, especially among those who have not acquired it by having occasional book reviews.

3. Review — "Through Memory's Halls," by Orson F. Whitney, Adult Department reading book for 1932-33.

4. Review of Current Magazine Articles or Interesting new Books. See — "New York Times Book Review," "Readers' Digest," "Improvement Era," etc.

A helpful article and a suggestive program on Social Contacts will appear in the next number of the "Improvement Era."

Road Show Acts

IN the Era last month announcement was made to the effect that prizes would be given by the General Board for the Road Show acts written up and submitted.

Points of Judgment

Theme20%
(Subject Matter)

Organization20%
(Manner of treatment, including development, dialogue, etc.)

Entertainment Value20%
(The act must meet the requirements of good entertainment)

Staging Possibilities20%
(It must be practically adapted to the average stage)

Clearness of Description20%
(Material sent in to the contest must be sufficiently explanatory and clear to make it possible for others to use it easily)

Regulations

Length—The act shall be from 10 to 20 minutes duration.

Originality—Treatment of the theme shall be original with the Ward presenting the act. Words to songs shall be original, but music need not be original.

The Road Show act must have been presented successfully before it is submitted in the contest.

Time Limit—Written descriptions must be in the hands of the General Boards of M. I. A., 33 Bishop's Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah by March 25, 1933.

Seniors

MEMBERSHIP—all between ages of 24-35, inclusive.

Course of Study—*Challenging Problems of 20th Century* (Price 35c).

Recreational Program—Outlined in Senior Manual.

Leadership

THE objective which the M. I. A. hopes to achieve through the Senior Department calls for a method and leadership different from that of the usual class procedure. The preacher and the lecturer, as such, have small place in the Senior Department; the teacher and instructor, in the usual sense of these terms, would have little to do here.

When a group of intelligent and alert young men and women meet together under the direction of the M. I. A. to discuss vital problems of home, business, education, religion, etc., they appreciate that kind of leader who can draw wisdom from the entire class rather than from his own brain. Every man and woman in the class knows from experience or from reading, something about the great world events and is willing and anxious to make his contribution, humble as it may be. He may contribute either by way of clarifying the nature of the problem or he may actually point out a way of solution. Every Senior has experienced life in a unique way. It may be that in round table discussion, if he be encouraged to participate, his experience would enrich the lives of others.

What is meant by the terms a *happy home*? An *economic*, just social order? A *progressive education*? *Constructive politics*? *Spiritual Religion*? These questions are answered most clearly if answered in many ways and by many persons.

Now it sometimes occurs that the spirit of adventure will take imaginary flight in directions not approved by the conservative attitude or based upon wide experience. Suppose a young man take a radical position on marriage, economics, or religion. Suppose he expresses a belief in companionate marriage or economic communism, should he be squelched by class leaders or should he be encouraged to express his views?

Let us follow this method of procedure further and try out a democratic method of approach. Suppose the subject of companionate marriage is up for discussion, a view directly opposed to Latter-day principles of eternal union. How should the teacher proceed? The democratic spirit

certainly would not discourage the advancing of such ideas but on the contrary such leadership would be the first to develop further questions about it. Would Judge Linday's theory develop finer and happier marriage? How would an irresponsible libertine employ such a system? Would you want to marry a woman who has been the companionate wife of such a man? What effect would such a system have upon the individual effort to make his first marriage a lasting success? These and scores of other questions may be asked. Such questions would encourage discussion and at the same time point the way to happy solutions of such questions.

A successful Senior Class leader is one who has more problems to advance than he has solutions for; he is a man, or woman, who reads widely and who has an inquiring mind; he enjoys engaging in discussion. His own open mind on these subjects leads him to treat the views of other class members with great courtesy and respect. He makes those about him feel happy in his presence. The result of his work is that he has a happy congenial, social evening. Every class member leaves the room with a kindly feeling toward others, even toward those with whom they do not agree.

A successful leader may be measured

by the rich supply of ideas he has drawn from the members of his class, by the congenial spirit in which the discussion was conducted and by the lasting feeling of good will which he has inspired.

Additional Material

"The United Order Answers," by Dr. Joseph Geddes (this *Era*) is particularly valuable for this department in connection with Chapter 3 of the Senior Manual.

"Glancing Through" this month includes two articles for this class.

Recreational Program

IN some Wards where this department was introduced last year, they found that the social phase of the program was important and interesting in the extreme. In the back of the Senior Manual is an outlined plan for certain evenings, but in addition to this, many groups will wish to carry on social activities.

The program as outlined may be carried out, but it may be found necessary to readjust it to fit the conditions of the M. I. A. If certain evenings are designated by the Ward M. I. A. Officers as the social evenings for the entire organization, the Senior Class will, of course, fall into line and fit into the plan. The main thing is to make a success not only of the class in itself, but make it, as well, a successful part of the M. I. A.

M Men-Gleaners

Note—Our *Social Obligations* is not a book but a course outlined in the M Men and Gleaner Manuals.

Joint Program

IT is urged that leaders and M Men-Gleaner officers read the entire course *Our Social Obligations* so that they may get the feeling of the subject and more intelligently plan the various features. (See M Men Manual, pp. 46-62; Gleaner Manual, pp. 56-68.) Get the vision of the group and its activities. Understand the method of procedure and supervision which is a little different this year. Its purpose is to stimulate leadership on the part of our young people. Study the objectives and check up during the year to see if they are being realized. There are five steps to be considered: (1) Reading of statement; (2) Talk by M Men; (3) Talk by Gleaner girl; (4) Discussion; (5) Demonstration. The period will cover one and one-half hours on the first Tuesday of each month. Much depends on the beginning you make, as the first two

or three months will call out your membership. We hope this course will be made so attractive that an attendance of 100% of Gleaners and M Men in wards may be attained before the season is over.

The subject for the joint program for October is entitled *Our Social Obligations in Preparing Ourselves for Good Citizenship*. (M Men Manual, pp. 47-49; Gleaner Manual, pp. 57-58.) It is suggested that those who have attended primaries and conventions lead out in the discussions, in order that the class may get the actual experience of those who have exercised their right of suffrage. In the talk to be given by the M Men on "What Citizenship Means to Me," reference might be made to the experiences of Phillip Nolan, a young army officer whom Edward Everett Hale characterized as "The Man Without a Country." In the talk to be given by the Gleaner, reference could be made to the fine contributions to good government made by Mormon women. It is a fact that Emmeline B. Wells, Ruth May Fox, Annie Wells Cannon

and many other Latter-day Saint women have made outstanding contributions in the advancement of good government and have participated in national organizations for the accomplishment of this purpose. It is urged that the political Primary be demonstrated and that the entire class participate. This will add interest to the program as well as be very instructive. The following words are worthy of being memorized by each member of the group:

"God give us men. A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands; men whom the lust of office does not kill; men whom the spoils of office cannot buy; men who possess opinions and a will; men who have honor; men who will not lie."—J. G. Holland.

The November joint program will take up "Our Social Obligation in Keeping up our Morale under Present Financial Strain." ("M Men Manual," pp. 50-51; "Gleaner Manual," pp. 59-60.) This lesson furnishes opportunity for a most interesting discussion. We must depend greatly upon youth to help solve the problems of the day and help with the adjustment. Our young people are meeting a challenge which is new to them and an analysis of conditions will help them to meet life fearlessly and well, instead of hopelessly and in doubt. Those giving talks will do well to search in good magazines and newspapers and other sources for information. Talk by Gleaner Girl is "The Enrichment of Unemployed Hours."

Fortunate indeed is he who can let the things of the heart and soul compensate him for disappointment in material things. Plato has said, "The best education is that which gives to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable." The goal for which to seek is high, and in plain sight of all. It is to employ our enormous powers for the one purpose of making life more abundant, even as we learn it from Christ. Guided by this vision, every form of activity must be measured and tested by what it contributes to human welfare. Henceforth the question invariably to be asked concerning any enterprise is not alone, will it yield profit and wealth, but does it in every particular preserve and enrich life and bring happiness. Talk by M Man is "True Patriotism Stands the Test of Adversity." This talk should give fine opportunity for presenting another phase of the depression. Let it be built up on optimism and an understanding of the law. Many interesting incidents may be found in the daily lives of our own leaders which will give color and add strength to the lesson.

Plans for the "Hard Times Party"

should be made in advance. An unusually fine and enjoyable evening may be realized if leaders and officers cooperate in making it such.

Gleaner Girls

Course of Study

IN our September class discussion on "An Appreciation of the Book of Mormon" we considered the place of the Book of Mormon among the great books. We have found that to know this book is to know a great book. It not only stands out distinctly as a great contribution to the world's literature, but it bears the stamp of approval of the Lord.

In the month of October we will consider Chapter II, "What is the Book of Mormon?" Significance is added to the book when we consider that the records from which the Book of Mormon were translated were placed in the Hill Cumorah by the Angel Moroni; were preserved through practically fourteen hundred years and were delivered by this same Angel of the Lord and translated by a Prophet through the gift and power of God. We will also study Chapter III, "Book of Mormon Gems." (See "Gleaner Manual," pp. 74-82.)

Project

"I Will Gather Treasures of Truth"

WE should keep constantly before us that it is our high responsibility to write the Church history of our families and inspire Gleaner girls to write the Church history of their families. We again ask class leaders to study thoroughly the instructions given to Stake and Ward Gleaner Leaders on the Project, the sample "Treasures of Truth" book and the outlines for the eight class discussions, found on pages 13-52 inclusive, of the Gleaner Manual. This will give a clear understanding of the project and what is expected of us. The class leader should know the contents of every Gleaner girl's book. She can then call upon the girls to give incidents and stories from their books, which will make the discussion period much more interesting and successful. Assignments should be made to the girls one month in advance. Encourage the girls to write poetry for the division of "Poetry and Prose" and to collect choice poems and prose. Many of these can be used in the class discussions each month to enrich the lessons. Gems which appeal to the girls from the class discussions on "Book of Mormon Gems" may be placed in this division of the book.

On the project evening in Septem-

If desired, Junior girls may meet with M Men-Gleaners for the joint program in November. (See "Gleaner Manual Calendar," p. 4.)

ber, the Division of "My Kin" was used in the class discussion. For the project evening, October 25th, discussion will be had on the division of "The Gospel Message." (See "Gleaner Manual," p. 49 and the Calendar, p. 4.)

We know it will be of interest to you to read the following incident from the book of Melba Corbett.

How the Gospel Came to my Grandmother

IN a town house in London lived a very happy family, George C. Ferguson, his beautiful wife, Elizabeth, and their four small children. The father, a promising young watch-maker, was from Scotland's aristocracy. Marrying against his father's wishes, he was forced to break his family ties, and had come to London with his lovely young wife. He had worked hard to give his wife and children the kind of home which he had been used to in Scotland.

One day while returning from his watch shop, he heard some Mormon elders preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Seeing the truthfulness of their statements he was anxious to hear more. After he had more fully investigated this new religion he found that it was all it had promised to be at first. His wife, Elizabeth, however, could see no reason for joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as her husband had done. She was not opposed to his work in the Church though, and often attended meetings with him.

One night Elizabeth and George had gone to church, leaving the children in charge of the maid at home. Baby Ann (my grandmother) was not old enough to walk then, and was the pet of the household. While the maid was rocking Ann near the fireplace, she fell asleep. The parents returned, and when they rang the doorbell it awakened the maid and frightened her. Jumping to her feet she dropped the child, cutting her head on one of the large andirons in front of the fireplace. The maid became hysterical and rushed to the door, only to be confronted by the baby's parents. On hearing about the accident, they immediately called in the Mormon elders, who were then on their way home from church. The baby was administered to, and as the prayer was finished the frantic Mother saw the wound gradually close up. Knowing much about the new Gospel and seeing this miracle, Elizabeth immediately joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and was one of its staunch supporters. She reared all her family in the Church and they are all members now.

Verified by W. F. Corbett.
Son of Ann Ferguson.

Junior Girls

YOU have all studied the calendar for this year, and have in your minds an outline of the work to be done. If you have access to the 1930-31 *Era* you will find additional notes on the lesson discussions of "Believing and Doing."

Keep in mind the object of the course; to give Junior girls a knowledge of the first principles of the gospel and a clearer vision of their own belief and testimony. Work to this end. Encourage your girls to prepare the subject matter so that they will be stimulated to think about it for themselves.

Our Heavenly Father has given us the intelligence to find the truth if we search for it. He has given us the right to choose between good and evil. The good is usually that which makes our parents and those who love us happy, that which we will never regret or sorrow over or be ashamed of or have to hide. It will bring us joy in the end even if it requires a sacrifice in the beginning. It creates and beautifies. Evil destroys and results in ugliness even though it may seem desirable at first. Think what the results will be. Will it harm those whom we love or who love us? Will it make us less charming, less lovely, less beautiful?

It is a great responsibility as well as a privilege to have the power to choose. No one can be blamed but ourselves if we choose wrongly. It is because of this that each person can be held accountable for his or her own transgression.

In chapters two and three we learn that we are not accountable for wrongs other than our own. Also that we may be saved from our own sins. Our Savior said to his Father, "Thy will, not mine, be done." When conditions arise and we are not quite sure which is right or best to do, to whom may we go for help? These first chapters are very important.

Bring to class the Scriptural Books, and let the girls look up passages to clarify the discussions. Lay a good foundation in the chapter "First Steps in the Gospel Plan."

Emphasize the fact that faith may be developed—faith in God and in self.

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft
might win
By fearing to attempt."—*Shakespeare*.

Cultivate faith in yourself as a Junior teacher. Resolve to be present and prepared for every class, every Tuesday evening. Your girls will be

as regular as you are, and through being dependable, you can increase their faith in you.

Watch your rolls, and if any girls are absent, find out the reason. Try to secure the enrollment of all the 15 and 16 year-old girls in the ward. You can get their names from the Ward clerk, and then send them invitations, or visit them personally, if they are not members of the class.

Junior Project

THE Project for the Junior Girls is the making of a book "My Story,—Lest I Forget." Covers and pedigree charts are to be obtained at the General Board Offices, and many of the girls who made their books last year will be able to show them to the new girls, thus arousing interest.

The first Tuesday in each month is reserved for the Project. Stimulate the girls to make their books. As leaders, you will be rewarded a thousand-fold, for you will realize that the books will be of lasting value to the girls. Division sheets and chapter headings can be made in class, if adequate preparation is made. One set of water colors or crayons, one pot of glue or paste, paper and pens and pictures which they may want to use, will get you off to a good start. Mimeographed suggestions for designs can be obtained at the General Board Office (33 Bishop's Bldg., Salt Lake) if you send in ten cents to cover paper and postage.

The girls might like to put their favorite quotations at the beginning of the chapters.

"There is a strength
Deep-bedded in our hearts, of which we
reck
But little, till the shafts of heaven have
pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be
rent

Before her gems are found?"

—Hemans.

The Junior committee appreciates your fine influence with the Junior Girls, and desires to wish you every success. Your achievement is our joy.

Stake Reports

SALMON WARD OF LOST RIVER STAKE

Junior Girls from Salmon Ward entertained their mothers and the Y. L. M. I. A. officers. A splendid program was rendered, one feature was a little play, "The Phillistines," after which games were played. The long banquet table was beautifully decorated with roses and rose-colored candles, which created a most delightful atmosphere. A gift was given to each mother.

EMERSON WARD—GRANITE STAKE

As a fitting close to their season's activities, the Junior Girls of the Emerson Ward, Granite Stake M. I. A., gave a delightful travelogue party for their mothers. Suggestive phases of life in different countries were presented on the stage by dance, song, tableau or drama. The tour outlined passage through Ireland, England, Scotland, Holland, Germany, Norway and Sweden, France, Spain, the Holy Land, China, Japan, and the United States. The national costumes worn by the participants were appropriate and attractive. Many of them were authentic, having been imported from foreign lands by the owners or by missionaries. A re-told story by a member of the class and piano selections by others followed.

A novel part of the program was a supper served on tables set in colors and styles and providing typical foods of the different nations.

As a climax to the pleasant evening, both mothers and daughters present were included in a group photograph.



Emerson Ward Mothers and Daughters

PRICE WARD—CARBON STAKE

As a result of the Project, "Baptism For The Dead" in the Junior Girl's Book "Lest I Forget," the Price Ward Junior Girls planned an excursion to the Manti Temple. Twenty-four girls along with their teachers, Mrs. Sylvia Branch and Virginia Porter, went to the Temple, and while there performed 500 baptisms. President Anderson was very pleased and expressed the fact that the girls were a fine group and the baptisms performed by them was one among the largest number done by any group of girls.

All the girls expressed the happiness and joy they experienced, and extend encouragement to all the Junior Girls throughout the Church.—*Virginia Porter.*

ROSE PARTY

A delightful gathering of the roses was an event held by one Junior Class. In the program were rose numbers:

A duet—"In the Time of Roses"

Song—"The Mission of a Rose"

Poem—"The Rose" (By the Junior Class Leader)

Mandolin and piano duet—"My Wild Irish Rose"

Story—"The Heart of the Rose"

Trio—"To a Wild Rose"

A Prayer

By *Blanche Decker*

LET me arise each morning with a smile to greet the world.
 Let my heart be a temple in which love for my fellow creatures abides.
 Let me value all friendships that I may go out of myself and appreciate whatever is noble and loving in another.
 Let me keep myself aloof from anger, for so few things are worthy of it.
 Let me not forego the spiritual forces which keep my attainments upon a level with the divine.
 Let me live in the service of others rather than my own selfish whims.
 Let me accept each little sorrow as a step toward building a courageous character.
 Let me approach my daily tasks with a clean mind.
 Let me greet with reverence the opportunity each day contains.
 Let me live that I may trust myself.
 Let me hold ever before me one thought: That I may honor Nature's intentions by creating from my failures greater future success.

Years

By *Fae Decker Dix*

THE years are but memories
 As each rolls away,
 Hours joining each other
 To make a new day.
 Some of them happy,
 Some of them sad,
 Yet, counting them over,
 Not any are bad!

Bee-Hive Girls

Bee-Hive Calendar

Tuesday Nymphs—Guide I—Bees
 Oct. 4 and Bee-Hive Girls
 (Page 5 Nymphs Book)
 Builders—Guide I—Plan
 of the Bee-Hive (Page
 24 Handbook)
 Gatherers—Guide I—Pre-
 view (Page 63 Hand-
 book)

Tuesday Nymphs — Guide II—
 Oct. 11 How Hives and Cities
 Grow.
 Builders—Guide II—Pro-
 bationary Require-
 ments.
 Gatherers — Guide II—
 The Life Cycle Accord-
 ing to the Gospel.

Tuesday Nymphs — Guide III—
 Oct. 18 Service in Bee-Hive and
 City.
 Builders — Guide III—
 Builders Purpose and
 Call of Woman-Hood.
 Gatherers—Guide III—
 Practical Use of the
 Symbol.

Tuesday Nymphs—Open for Bee-
 Oct. 25 Keepers and Girls' Own
 Planning.
 Builders—Open for Bee-
 Keepers and Girls' Own
 Planning.
 Gatherers—Open for Bee-
 Keepers and Girls' Own
 Planning.

—a love of each for all, and of all for nature. In the Bee-Hive organization of the M. I. A., the same can be said, that a spirit exists which is peculiarly Bee-Hive. One name for it is the Spirit of the Hive. Others might be found, but if comprehensive should include the qualities of kindness, generosity, diligence, curiosity, sincerity, and vision. To love each other, to work energetically toward graduation, to be inquisitive concerning birds and flowers, cake making, health and child-care, to do everything well, and not merely with the appearance of thoroughness, and to look ahead into the years waiting and see a glimpse of the beauty which Bee-Hive work can put into the future as well as the present,—these all combine with other elements, to form the Spirit of the Hive.

Where is that Spirit to be found, and how can it be awakened in a Swarm?

It is to be found in the hearts of leaders who will, through radiations of their own personalities, give it to the Bee-Hive girls who come under their influence. A Bee-Keeper wields unusual power which she sometimes does not realize. Girls who come to her are newly aware of having grown-up, as proved by their enrollment in Mutual. They are impressionable, and no sermon is so powerful as the one who preaches it. Bee-Keepers, learn to love the work you are in, and the girls who are under your guidance. Be diligent, sincere, and curious to find the truth of things, and you will find your attitude contagious. The girls will catch it. Your enthusiasm will be reflected in theirs; your love in their love. Be what you think a Bee-Hive girl grown older should be, and then find the joy of watching your girls follow the example of your spirit.

The Spirit of the Bee-Hive

SCIENTISTS who have studied bees and their lives, and others who have watched them merely for the interesting characteristics they display, claim that there is a spirit among the bees which is not observable elsewhere



Who are these girls? Tell the Era

Reports

SALMON WARD—LOST RIVER STAKE

The Bee-Hive girls of this ward, it is reported, have all tried to live up to the Spirit of the Hive. For the Swarm Social they all participated in a hike, the girls and Bee-Keepers having a most delightful time. They express appreciation for the *Era* outlines and helpful suggestions. *The "Era" appreciates their expression.*

PAROWAN EAST WARD—PAROWAN STAKE

The girls in the East Ward Bee-Hive completed the work of last year successfully, and were graduated 100% of the membership. Their swarm took three first places at the Stake Swarm day, winning in the chorus, ten-minute talk and ball game. *Congratulations, girls.*

HOLLYWOOD STAKE

Greetings come from the Bee-Hive of Hollywood Stake to all other Bee-Hive Swarms. The Stake Bee-Keeper reports a delightful summer outing at the "Girls' Camp" in Griffith Park, made available to the girls of this Stake thru the courtesy of the Los Angeles playground Association. The camp, with sixteen rustic cabins tucked away on the hillside among the trees, is a beautiful place, surrounded by shrubs, flowers and other loveliness. 107 Bee-Hive Girls and Bee-Keepers of the Stake spent two days there, meals being served cafeteria style, and the girls taking turns in the kitchen and dining room. Hikes, basketball, swimming, reading, music, a program around the bonfire at night, stunts and the toasting of marshmallows provided a most delightful outing.

In part of the affair the Swarm day was held, with a formal program of songs, talks, demonstrations, contest talks on the Cycle of life, Word of Wisdom, Bee-Hive plan and Symbolism, and remarks from visiting officers. Twenty-four scrap-books were entered for contest, and ranks and



Hollywood Bee-Hive Girls

awards were made to seventy-two girls. *Such a report should stimulate other stakes to plans for similar outings, where, near to nature, the girls and their leaders get very close to one another.*

CACHE STAKE

There is great enthusiasm in this Stake for Bee-Hive work for the coming year, as a result of their last season's accomplishments and their summer program. From the 154 Bee-Hive Girls, 76 of whom were Gatherers, 67 were graduated. Many of the girls had made beautiful use of their symbols, and most of them had written delightfully intelligent papers on the Word of Wisdom.

Following "Test Nights," the Swarm Day was held, a program being presented which was representative of all the fields of Bee-Hive. Plays, dances, a style show, a pantomime, and songs illustrated the various phases of the work. The Bee-Keepers feel that it was a most successful year and Swarm Day, and they express appreciation for the work of the ward Bee-Keepers. *We all join in wishing Cache Stake continued success.*

Contentment

By Ora Lewis

I AM content.
At last I know
That life for me was meant to be
Not sorely spent
In futile fashion, nor in endless talk.
But, just to walk
Alone or with some solitary friend
To spend the hours
With flowers and trees
Go when I want
Come when I please,
Feel what I must,
Think what I choose,
Say what I may,
And if I lose
The thing you spend your life to find
I shall not mind—
I am content.

SHELLEY STAKE

The Swarm day here was most delightful, 32 girls being graduated and 125 in attendance. A program of songs, addresses, readings, displays and tests was interesting, and at its conclusion certificates were awarded and picture taken of the girls. Refreshments were served. *Good for Shelley Stake.*

STAR VALLEY STAKE

In a most pleasing manner the Bee-Hive girls of Star Valley Stake exhibited their activities in the annual Swarm Day program. The affair began at 4 p. m., and happiness was manifest in all the hours which followed. Features of the day were contests in group singing, retold stories, original poems, songs and scrapbooks. A most delicious lunch was served, and in the evening a program for the public was given, in which dramatizations of the Bee-Hive fields and the winning events of the day were presented. Talks on various phases of Bee-Hive work and the presentation of certificates concluded a charming day. *Our congratulations to Star Valley.*

PAROWAN STAKE

The Swarm day of this stake was very pleasant and successful. About 175 Bee-Hive girls and their Bee-Keepers assembled, and 48 girls and one Bee-Keeper received certificates of graduation. A program of contests, one-act plays, stories and choruses was given, and we should like to send some of them to the *Era*. In addition to the activities, there was a delightful exhibit of scrap-books and handcraft. Luncheon in the evening was the social event of the occasion. The awards were very evenly distributed, five wards each receiving one first place. *The "Era" would like to see the sketches.*

How Shall We Improve the Work for 1932-33?

Know Your Bee-Keeper's Book—

*I*F you have been a Bee-Keeper before, read your text again in order to freshen your understanding of the



Parowan Stake Bee-Hive Swarms



Bee-Hive Girls, Hollywood Stake

plan and to broaden your vision of its scope. Each time you read such lovely chapters as I, *History of the Bee-Hive Girls*; III, *The Bee-Keeper*; IV, *The Spirit of the Hive*; V, *Symbolism*, new inspiration will come to you; new beauties will reveal themselves. And if you are a new Bee-Keeper, turn to your book constantly. Nearly every question pertaining to this work is answered there. Read again and again the chapters named above and also Chapters II, VI and all that follow.

Advertise the Bee-Hive Movement—

Take advantage of every opportunity to bring your Bee-Hive work to the attention of the people of your community. Brief periods may be sought for at Sunday evening joint meetings or at quarterly conference sessions, to award seals or present some interesting exercise; in every ward of one Stake, on a certain fast day, four or five Bee-Hive girls related faith-promoting incidents in fast meeting.

The wearing of the blue cap and bandol, by every girl in a swarm increases her own interest in the work and does much to make the people familiar with the organization.

President John A. Widtsoe, in a recent letter from the European mission writes: "Recently a group of Bee-Hive girls rented an auto bus and went from town to town in Norway, demonstrating their work, until the Methodist ministers made inquiry as to the possibility of having such work established in their church also."

It pays to advertise!

Look Ahead—

We have noticed that the most successful Bee-Keepers are those who plan their Guide programs weeks before they are to be given and who anticipate the needs of each particular presentation. For example, Guide X for Builders in the Hive, suggests that the Swarm play cafeteria. In order to make this game "go over" well, the girls should have been gathering, for several weeks, pictures of foods from magazines, wrappers, etc.

Plan A Bee-Hive Kit for Each Girl—

Encourage each girl to provide herself with a small box in which she may place scissors, needle and thread, thimble, ruler, glue, etc. A large envelope will also be convenient for pictures, samples of textiles, lace, etc.

Every Swarm, if possible, should have a table around which to work. And a worthwhile project would be to secure a cupboard or large box, with lock and key, in which to place articles for preservation.

Vanguards

New Log of the Vanguard Trail off Press

LOG of the Vanguard Trail, number two, outlining courses of study and activities for the Vanguard department in the Y. M. M. I. A. has been issued by the General Board and is being distributed over the Church. Unavoidable delays have occurred in its preparation but the excellence of the material it supplies will doubtless make up in great measure for the inconvenience caused by lateness of publication.

The new log outlines subjects for discussion for each month of the year in the following order: September, Automobileing; October, Civics; November, Aviation; December, Physical Development; January, Teepee Making; February, Agriculture; March, Weather; April, Athletic Contests, Track Meets, etc.; May, Reptiles; June, Horsemanship; July, Radio and August, Camping. The camping subject is to be carried on during the regular summer camp period.

Each subject has been prepared by

an authority in that line. Four lessons are devoted to each. Little of the time is to be spent in book study, lectures, etc., to the contrary each lesson is filled with activity providing practical application of the principles being studied.

The Log outlines in detail plans for organizing Vanguard groups and contains charts and diagrams with full details of the Aaronic Priesthood Correlation Plan, the Aaronic Priesthood-Supervision Plan, the Aaronic Priesthood-Vanguard-Scout Supervision Plan and the methods to be followed in carrying forward the program.

The spirit of the Olympic Games has been carried into the book through the publication of the Olympic oath and hymn and a comprehensive history of the Olympic games both ancient and modern. All stake and ward leaders will find the log indispensable in carrying forward their work. Scout Executives have been supplied with copies for leaders in their districts. Others may secure copies from the General Board Y. M. M. I. A., 47 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Boy Scouts

The Eleven Year Old Boy

WITH the approval of the Presiding Bishopric and the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A., boys of eleven years of age are to be prepared by the Primary Association for admission to Aaronic Priesthood and Scouting.

The plan in brief is:

All boys eleven years old who reach the twelfth anniversary of their birth between September 1st and December 1st, during three months are to be given special training by the Primary teacher of the group, assisted by a representative of the Bishopric and a representative of Scouting. The program for the Priesthood and the Scouting is given in detail in "The Children's Friend" for June, 1932, pages 283, 284, 285, and Aug., 1932, page 408.

It is recommended that the gradu-

ation exercise for these boys be held under the direction of the Bishopric in a Sacrament meeting, and they be admitted to Scouting in a Y. M. M. I. A. meeting under the direction of its officers. Special programs are prepared for each of these ceremonies.

Any boy failing to take advantage of this preparation or failing in the tests, is to be given another opportunity in the next three months.

The complete program of preparation is repeated each quarter of the year.

First quarter—September 1st to December 1st.

Second quarter—December 1st to March 1st.

Third quarter—March 1st to June 1st.

Fourth quarter—June 1st to September 1st.

Graduation into Scouting

FOR detailed suggestions regarding the graduation ceremony into the Boy Scout organization, see page 84, Primary Handbook. The entrance ceremonial into the Priesthood is given in the *Children's Friend* for August, 1931.

The complete plan is presented in the *Children's Friend* for June, 1932.

In America

WRONGS must ever be redressed.

—Ere a nation can be blest.

Mammon, deposed in Honor's cause.

Give us just deeds, purer laws

In America.

—Dorothy C. Retstorf.

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Are You a "Wet-Dry" or a "Dry-Dry"?

Continued from
page 719

bootlegger (I a w-breaker) and without whose purchase the bootlegger could not sell, tell me that I and my kind are responsible for that crime. I have never asked any one illegally to sell me anything; nor have prohibitionists as a class, and it is the greatest gesture of hypocrisy I can imagine for our wet friends who have sponsored the illicit trade to thus try to shelter themselves, and "pass the buck" to those who are innocent.

But, says some one, popular opinion makes laws become obsolete and unenforceable. That may be true, in degree, but one of the amendments of the United States Constitution is a vital part of our federal integrity, and dare only be changed by the due process of law, by the majority of our citizens saying at the polls that it shall be changed. And whoever you are, wet or dry, don't forget that every vote taken in our national congress has thus far shown an increased dry sentiment, an increase over the vote that put the 18th Amendment in the Constitution, straw votes and political conventions to the contrary notwithstanding. As late as July 16, 1932, after both parties in convention had indicated a wet move, a gesture toward the wet side was shelved in Congress by a large majority. Remember, the responsibility of delegates to a convention lasts a few days, and what they do lays no particular lasting responsibility on them; but the representatives to Congress are responsible to their constituents for a long time, and their seats demand that they represent the sentiment of their states. Until that body so indicates, the constitution is not changed. That it can be changed by the same process that enacted it is apparent. I do not urge that my personal views be adopted because they are mine, but it happens that

they are also the views of the majority of my fellow citizens, whose will I accept. This is the genius of American political life.

IF the time comes, soon or late, that the view of the majority is at variance with my own, I hope I'll show better sportsmanship than most wets have done; that I'll accept the referee's decision, (which is what the majority vote amounts to) and not urge other minority members by my acts or words to abuse and obstruct justice in the enforcement of the constitution. But would it not revive business, I am asked? The other countries of the world can scarcely furnish any evidence that it would. Although we are now in a depression, yet we have also been at our economic peak since having prohibition, let it be remembered.

Where are the people who were formerly employed in the manufacture of drink? Have they all been standing around since 1918 waiting for the 18th Amendment to be repealed? Of course not. They have been absorbed by other and more profitable industries, for the most part, as have most of the breweries themselves. And what were their numbers?

Figures following Congress in December, 1914, by the liquor trades showed the following:

Brewery workers	62,363
Distillery workers	7,217
Wine making	2,254
Malting	1,982
Bartenders	409,465
Employees in allied trades, such as bottlers, cappers	15,620
Total	498,901

THESE figures show that a surprisingly few people were actually in this business, and if all were returned except the bartenders, and even the wets say they don't want that, (although most manufacturers are very much interested in advertising, distribution and outlets), it would be so few as to make no ripple in our economic sea.

And who would buy this beer? The same one who is now buying bread, and shoes, and radios and gasoline. What money would be spent for drink would be diverted from other channels, which an economic survey shows return more

Innocence

A GAY little bird on my window sill.
How pretty you are with your colored frill!
As you sit about in your winsome way,
I marvel not that you are gay:
For little you know of the coming years.
Or the weight of a heart that is heavy with tears.

—Edith E. Anderson.

profit to capital and labor than the liquor business ever did or can do.

Of each \$100.00 spent by the user for the following products: Agricultural implements, autos, shoes, bakery products, clothing, metal goods, electrical appliances, furniture, knit goods, leather goods, lumber, silk, woollens, worsteds and felt goods, labor gets \$16.57; producer gets \$58.73; for liquors labor gets \$7.63; producer gets \$23.49.

The following figures, indicating the amount of capital necessary to keep one person employed in the indicated trades are furnished by John F. Cunen of Chicago, trade Unionist, from census reports.

Furniture	\$ 550.00
Shoes	770.00
Clothing	1,018.00
Publishing	1,376.00
Meat packing	1,481.00
Brick and Tile	1,720.00
Iron and Steel	2,220.00
Liquor	8,837.00

L IQUOR is at the bottom of the ladder. Knowing this, the Manchester Guardian, leading labor paper, commenting on the action of the American Federation of Labor said: "The A. F. of L. has reached some unlikely decisions in its time, but none stranger than reliance on brewing as the chief plank in a program of unemployment relief."

Some urge that it would use more grain, boost prices of same and thereby help the farmer. Particularly enough the farmers are not the ones to say this. They know that the consumption of milk has increased threefold since prohibition, and that dairy products offer them an outlet for grain and their farms' products much more lucrative than liquor possibly could.

During the war when it was suggested that the grain going into liquor could perhaps be used for food, directly the brewers in haste hurried to Washington to show their figures which proved that the amount of grain they used was "less than three quarters of one per cent of all the grain produced in the U. S." They used these figures, (their own, furnished by Gustav Pabst, and committee) to show what an inconsiderable part of the food supply of the U. S. they used.

Does it cost something to enforce prohibition? Of course it does: It does to enforce all laws. The whole cost of government is

just that, the framing and enforcing of laws. But those who enforce prohibition, for the most part, are also enforcing other laws, and could not be taken off the pay-rolls if we had no prohibition. Those engaged exclusively as federal prohibition agents are relatively few. Most serve also as customs officials, internal revenue agents, and in other capacities. To regulate the traffic would be as costly as to prohibit it. And to collect, and handle "all the taxes" that would accrue from legal liquor would be a considerable expense, too.

What about those lost taxes: The highest amount ever turned into the federal treasury, when saloons occupied the best corners in the nation, in 1918, when the tax was the highest was \$126,286,000.00, and this amount, those who are familiar with national finance will recognize isn't such a tremendous sum as wet propaganda would urge; and it certainly is no such figure as the billion dollars revenue which some wet propagandists intimate would accrue. That the revenue from a controlled sale of liquor, without the saloon as its salesman, would put our government on its financial feet seems rather absurd. Have we forgotten that wet Germany would have collapsed, financially, some time ago, had not dry Uncle Sam been in a position, without liquor taxes, to come to the rescue?

MORE taxes have gone into the U. S. coffers since prohibition as paid on incomes, and profits such as no other nation has ever known, made possible by the prosperity achieved in sobriety of American workmen and American business. Let it not be forgotten, either that taxed liquor is no Midas' touch which painlessly produces money. Taxes from that, or any other source are paid by the consumer, and most American taxpayers today are not looking for something additional on which they can pay taxes.

On this whole matter of potential revenue, let us not fall over backwards. There are many matters of more importance than cost and revenue. Many countries find it profitable to engage in the opium traffic, for it is profitable. The licensing of houses of prostitution furnishes taxes in some countries, and revenue to the proprietors. We must always, however, weigh

VISITORS Welcome!

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financial gain against public policy and determine what the ultimately profitable plan will be. If, therefore, the American people feel that the best interests of the most people are met by prohibition, loss of taxes will be a trivial concern. And it has demonstrated itself to be the case that in the final analysis, the increased buying power of the American citizen in other trades has reflected itself in increased revenue.

I believe that sober America will continue to lead the world. The majority of Americans have repeatedly indicated a desire that she stay sober. The 18th Amendment has contributed greatly to that end. Its enforcement has not been perfect; nor has the enforcement of any law. But its weaknesses are remedial. We must be progressive, and look for better methods, but until we find them we should not abandon the best we have. A leaky ship is better than no ship at all, yet many urge us to jump overboard. If we are wise we will patch up the leaks, or wait to be taken off by a safer vessel. To abrogate the 18th Amendment and return to old evils would be to indicate that the majority will of this country means nothing, and that a noisy few can vitiate laws inimical to their personal interests. Let us improve the enforcement of all our laws!

IT appears to me that we are better off with prohibition than we would be without it. I believe it can be enforced, if those who desire its enforcement are the majority of our citizens, (and I believe they are) and they will arise to their opportunity and assume the duties of interested citizenship. It is no more responsible for the economic or social ills that beset us than it is for the Sino-Japanese war, the poverty of the British people, or the internal disorder and distress of the German Republic. They have no prohibition. On the contrary the indications are that it has been a steadying influence on this country which has kept our citizenry level-headed and prudent in conditions which in other lands have led to disaster.

In 1842, Abraham Lincoln, the great Emancipator gave a speech before the Washingtonian Temperance Society in Springfield, Illinois on the anniversary of the birth of George Washington. In his speech, he said, "Whether or not the world

would be vastly benefited by a total and final banishment from it of all intoxicating drinks seems to me not now an open question. Three fourths of mankind confess the affirmative with their tongues, and I believe all the rest acknowledge it in their hearts.

"In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken, a viler slavery manumitted, a greater tyrant deposed; in it, more of want supplied, more of disease healed; more of sorrow assuaged. By it, no orphans starving, no widows weeping. By it, none wounded in feeling, none injured in interest.

"If the relative grandeur of revolutions shall be estimated by the great amount of human misery they alleviate and the small amount they inflict, then indeed will this be the grandest the world shall ever have seen.

"And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory. How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nurtured to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species."

We, as a people have made a great effort to achieve this ideal. Let us consider gravely any step which may nullify the good thus far done. If a more effective plan than prohibition can be evolved, and made to work, I would be the first person in the world to urge its acceptance; but until a better method is available let us not retrogress, but carry on, and maintain America in her eminent position of leadership among the nations of this good earth.

Just For Fun

By AUBREY J. PARKER

It is said that a bunion sometimes prevents a "pilgrims' progress."

You remember the little chap who told his mother that he could not go to school because he had hurt his feet: when admitted later that it was a rather "lame" excuse.

Who was it that said that the Scotchman's engagement ring was a telephone call?

A would-be actor got a very cold reception from his first audience, in fact he was pelted off with some very unsavory things worse than epithets; and in speaking of it later he said it was rather a rotten eggsperience.

The United Order Answers—

Continued from
page 726

not yet found the answer to the problem. The wage system, in spite of improvements at many points, still possesses numerous features that make the role of the wage earner none too desirable. Among these are:

1. Practical exclusion from ownership.

2. Exclusion from direction and control of work and capital.

3. Ordinarily, exclusion from participation in profits.

4. An inferior social status.

For many years labor leaders have sought not to change fundamental conditions but to bring about (1) sufficiently high wages to provide a desirable standard of living (2) shorter working hours so that adequate leisure is possible (3) improved working conditions favoring health and a type of job sufficiently desirable to be entitled to respect and some vocational status. The United Order effort to solve the wage problem lies along a different path.

The elevation of the wage earner to the position of the steward, through granting as many stewardships in a factory or store as would be required to run it brings about an entirely different alignment.* The working stewards own the business as a joint-stewardship. They thus cease to be a subordinate body either from the standpoint of control of the plant or ownership in it. The control of the plant and the direction of the men at work in it would be determined along democratic lines for the owned stewardships are approximately equal. The worker-owners would select their officers and these would likely be elevated to positions of responsibility on a basis of merit. This would naturally follow because the productivity of the stewardships and the consequent welfare of the stewards would depend on the efficiency of the plant. The social disease of family favoritism which has found its way into so many institutions would thus tend to be destroyed by the system itself.

Some important gains to the wage earner under this system would be

1. A rise to the position of owner.

2. Labor control over the capital invested in the plant.

3. Labor control over the labor in the plant.

4. A rise to the social and vocational status of the steward. Status would vary among the stewards but the status that arises out of positions of trust and responsibility, or out of particular service to the community would not represent a separate order from the stewards but would grow out of the stewardship arrangement along lines of merit, of achievement, of ability. These are the things status should arise out of for they represent a just social reward.

Some Social Gains That Might be Expected in a Successful United Order Community

1. Innate in the United Order at many points is a great extension of social justice. It is the spirit and soul of man that needs most to be awakened today. The United Order plan could not help but stir the spirit and lift the hope, courage, and ambition of that large number of people to whom the doors of opportunity have been opened but a very little way and have been closed again all too quickly under the present system.

A stultified spirituality that hovers low under a system of organized selfishness would tend to rise freely and naturally under a system in which everyone in the community takes passage in the same boat. If happily they arrive at the expected destination spiritual oneness and social solidarity provide that fruitful social environment in which the spirit thrives like "a fruitful bough by a well."

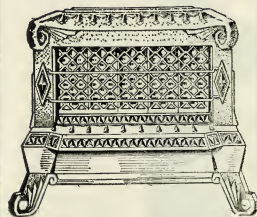
2. The insistence on relative equality in material wealth provides a social goal which calls into being a powerful religious motive. The steward not only works for a living, he works for a cause, and that cause holds an equal place beside those other great causes towards which man has looked with reverence from the beginning—liberty and justice.

3. The sweeping away of the many artificial social barriers to social status, largely based on property ownership, leaving those only which rest on superior attainment should release large numbers from conditions which make it difficult for young struggling personalities

(Continued on page 766)

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Fire and Song

Continued from
page 721

Why, Eric, it's beautiful! And a velvet ribbon!

"And this." He slipped a cheap bright bracelet over her white hand.

"Darling, I love it!" She turned her wrist and watched the sparkle of the thin band. How dear he was! She reached out her hand and patted his lean brown cheek. He turned his head and kissed her small fingers.

"Like them?"

"They're perfect. But it is too much. Right now, anyway."

Now the sunshine had shifted, was going in little glitters on her gold braids, was making little gold flecks in her enormous eyes.

"Anna," he said suddenly. "I love you so."

She laughed delightedly, her cheeks suddenly flushed. "Do you, Eric?"

He looked away. "So much," he said slowly, "that nothing else seems to matter. We'll get along, won't we?"

THE curtains fluttered. A little cold wind came rushing in. Anna fancied she could smell the snow. Such a clean, white, breathless smell. Eric got up and shut the window absently. "You might get cold."

She looked at him gravely. "Eric," she said, "did you see your father in town today?"

"Yes." He came back and sat down.

"Did you speak to him?"

"Yes. Of course."

"Did he speak to you?"

"No." He swallowed. "No, he didn't, Anna."

"Who else did you see?"

"Everyone. Jan and Hilda."

"Did they ask about the baby?"

"They didn't speak to me, Anna."

"Oh." There was an ache in her throat and her eyes smarted. "Did you ask about Gracie?"

"I asked the storekeeper. He wouldn't have talked to me only nobody was there to see. He's really a nice old fellow. He said she was—quite sick. She doesn't seem to be getting along like she ought to."

"Did you find out about her baby?"

"Not much. It's pretty weak, I guess."

"I wish I could go to her, Eric."

"I know, Anna. But you can't possibly."

The girl smiled somberly. "I know," she said. "Even if I could go—even if I were able—she might not let me come in."

"Of course she would, Anna."

She shook her head. "Oh, no. No, she wouldn't. I sent Tom Edwards over to her with that little pink cap I'd made for her baby. They sent it back."

"You love her so much, don't you, Anna?"

SHE shut her eyes. "She lived next door. We made doll-clothes, and molasses candy, and had a playhouse up in a tree. We sat together at school. And she slept with me in my funny little bed that Grandpa sent me from London, and I slept with her in her big bed with Gwendolyn." Tears formed beneath her eyelids. She put her hands over her eyes. "Gwendolyn was so old. Nineteen. We were so little. After Gwendolyn went to sleep we lay and whispered. About my little china teaset, and our dolls, and how beautiful we'd be when we were grown up, and how we'd do our hair, and about Aunt Goldie's pink silk dress that changed bluish when she moved, and Gwendolyn's beau." Tears slipped through her fingers.

"Oh, my darling, my darling."

Eric bent and patted her thin shoulder.

"We pinned up each other's hair, and I lent her my earrings, and she dabbed some of her orange-blossom perfume on my handkerchief." She drew a long breath. "And afterwhile I married you, and she married Cousin Jim. I was so happy. Why, we had our wedding dresses cut from the same bolt of silk. White silk. Weren't they pretty, Eric? I said, 'Gracie, now you're in my family. I've always wanted you to be!'"

SHE turned her head on the pillow. "Our babies—Eric, do you remember how right at first she used to come over of afternoons, and we'd sew together? Why, we had things exactly alike for them. Remember the little blue wool jackets, and the dresses?

All that embroidery and ribbon and the rest of the things? It was like sewing for dolls."

"I know, but you mustn't—"

"And then, Eric, after we met the Elders, and learned—after we —"

"After we were given sight who had been blind," he said.

"She—why, Eric, she wouldn't speak to me!"

"But, darling—"

"And I haven't even seen her little baby!"

He pulled his chair closer to the bed. She was so young and frail, so sorrowful, so hurt.

"Eric, why won't they listen?" she turned wide eyes upon him. "Anybody of all who loved us? Gracie? Your father?"

"I don't know. I tried so hard with father. You know that."

She nodded, remembering the look of horror on the gaunt old man's face when Eric had told him of their baptisms. "Not that, Eric," he had said. "It's full of sin, I tell you. Even that city they have built in the desert only these last few years is full of sin. It's a church of Satan. Can't you understand? You haven't done this to your father? God only knows I tried to bring you up in the way that you should go!" And Eric had answered, "You did, father. I'm clean and strong and honest, as you would have me be. I think perhaps it was because of you that my mind was able to grasp this new light. Father, if I could only make you understand! You know how you've always let me come to you in all things. Let me come to you in this thing that is the most wonderful of all!"

HIS father had only stared at him with aching eyes. "You can't—you can't. I won't listen, I tell you. It's wicked and sinful. I won't listen! Oh, Eric, Eric!"

"But father—"

"Tell me you haven't. Tell me you haven't, I say!"

"But I have. And so has Anna. And we're prouder of it than we can possibly say."

"Then may you be smitten down!" the old man had said fiercely. "And may the devils who turned you toward hell be smitten down!" He glared at them. "Get out of my house, you—you cursed Mormons!"

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Outside the house they'd clung to each other, both very white and shaken, Anna a little ill with the awfulness of it all. That was in the summer. Now it was winter. She remembered meeting young Elder Larson on the way home. He'd come from the next town to see them. They had asked him to come home with them for supper.

Eric had been very quiet throughout the meal. Suddenly he'd said, "I wonder," in a queer, puzzled voice, "if it is worth this aching that Anna and I are going through? This afternoon I gave up my father. I chose between him and my religion." He drew little circles on the tablecloth with his fork. "I love my father," he said simply.

AND then the young missionary, his eyes shining in the lamplight, had told them the things they had to know, things they already knew down in their hearts but had forgotten in this time of sadness, about life, and the things life did to you, and about faith. He said a great deal about faith, strong, tender things about being firm in the faith of Christ even unto the end. And afterwards the way was easier—easier but still hard.

Eric stirred. He got up and put some more wood in the fire. "It's getting dark. Shall I light the lamp?"

The dusk had come like something clean and violet from woods, and with it still the sharp breathless smell of the snow. "No, Eric. Let's just be here in the dusk for awhile. It's so soft and easy."

He came back and took her hand. "Little fellow's waking up," he said. "Look! He's going to cry."

She turned, and raised herself on her elbow. The baby lay small and sweet in a woolly blanket, his face pink and wrinkled, his hair only a bit of gold fuzz on the top of his head, his eyes tight shut, his mouth small and petulant. She put out her hand and touched his little soft face, patted his damp cheek. "Little, little son." She lifted him against her breast and smiled mistily at Eric.

THEY heard firm heavy steps, and the door opened. Mrs. Anderson, stout and red and

capable, her grey hair knotted neatly on top of her head, appeared carrying a tray. "My, it's dark in here," she said. "Do you want me to light the lamp?"

"I'll light it," Eric said, and got up.

Soon a light bloomed in the small room and the fire crackled and sent little dancing flickers across the ceiling and little scurrying streaks of light across the floor. Eric helped Mrs. Anderson plop pillows up behind Anna, and settled her tray for her. She shook her hair back from her forehead and smoothed it with her thin hand. "Everything looks delicious," she said graciously at sight of the golden-crust buns, the pat of yellow butter, and the bowl of steaming soup. "You are the very nicest woman in the world."

Mrs. Anderson smiled. "The world's a big place. See that you eat every morsel on that tray or you don't get another bite for days. You don't eat enough to keep a bird alive!"

Anna took a spoonful of the thick, fragrant soup. "Eric," she said, "you haven't had any supper, have you?"

"I've got his all fixed out in the kitchen," Mrs. Anderson said, "and I'm going to bring it in here so he can eat with you." She bustled out of the room.

"She's such a darling." And she looked down and smiled at the solemn baby sucking his fist and staring with wide eyes at the ceiling.

ERIC got up and went to the window. "It's cold out tonight," he said, "and clear as a bell."

"And there'll be a moon, won't there, Eric?"

"There's one already. Just coming up. Mrs. Johnson, would you like to go skating with your husband?"

She gave a quick laugh. "Thank you, no, dear man. I think I'll stay home tonight."

There came a knock at the back door. They heard Mrs. Anderson's voice, and a man's. Suddenly Mrs. Anderson came into the room. "Anna," she said, her face very white, "Gracie Ferguson is dead!"

Anna felt a strange numbing pain that went in a surge over her whole body. She felt a darkness.

An unexplainable thick darkness that went into her throat and eyes. What was that somebody was saying? Something—something about someone being dead. She knew she must have loved them a very great deal. Someone—but he couldn't remember. Queerly, she thought about stars.

"She's fainted. Give me the water there on the stand in that glass!" That was Eric's voice.

Foolish to think about stars forever and ever. . . . She opened her eyes. "I didn't faint."

"Oh, my poor dear—"

"I didn't faint, I tell you. You said—Mrs. Anderson, what did you say just now? Something about—"

"About Gracie, Anna." Mrs. Anderson was smoothing her forehead. Her hands were nice and warm.

"Well?"

"Gracie has gone away."

Gracie — gone away. Little brown-haired, brown-eyed Gracie. Gone quite away. Gone without speaking, without even turning her head. Anna began a convulsive weeping, abandoning herself utterly to her tears. "Oh, Eric," she said, "maybe we are wrong. Maybe God is punishing us!"

He came and took her in his arms. "Hush, my dear—hush—"

"Oh, Eric!"

"We are right!" he said feverishly. "We are right!"

Mrs. Anderson stood at the foot of the bed. "The young one's about dead, too, I hear. Won't eat. They don't know how to feed it. And it's such a little thing. It only weighs a little over four pounds."

ANNA looked up suddenly. "Eric," she said. "Eric, that baby can't die. I love it. I'm going to save that baby. Gracie would want me to. Gracie would expect me to. I must!" There were tears on her cheeks, and her eyes were wide and bright. Two red spots burned in her cheeks. "You've got to go down the river and get her, Eric. You've got to!"

"But, Anna dear. They wouldn't let me have it. You know how everyone feels about us. Even Cousin Jim. It wouldn't do any good." He took her cold hand in his big brown ones and chafed it gently.

"But it's five miles down there,



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Anna," Mrs. Anderson put in, "and so bitter cold."

"But, Eric," Anna said stumbly, "don't you see you have to go?" She drew a sharp breath. "That baby needs me. She needs a mother's love, and a mother's hands, and a mother's sweet warm food. Like our little baby. See, like our little hungry baby. . . . I can give her those things—and gladly, oh, so gladly!" And then, tremulously, proudly, "Who else can?"

Eric bent his head a moment. His lips moved. "All right," he said. "I'm going down the river and get the baby for you. Jim'll let me have her!"

"Oh, Eric!" Anna lay back on the pillow, her face a thing of ivory, her eyes two burning stars.

OUTSIDE it was all silver. A moon hung like a thin silver dollar in the pale-watered sky. The wind came in little icy gusts and kicked up bits of diamond-dust snow. The trees swayed and shivered like dancers clad in silver shawls—tall thin dancers that made grotesque sprawling shadows on the white ground.

Eric walked swiftly through the whiteness and the silver. On his back his skates gleamed and flashed in the moonlight and made more silver in the too-glittering night. It was a quarter of a mile to the wide river, and from there he had to skate five miles down to the little cabin where Anna's cousin Jim lived.

Skating with clean powerful strides, his magnificent head bent, his body easy and graceful in his heavy old coat, he cut through the stillness. The river went in wide curves, and from the banks the trees hung stiff and black, and little willows stood tender and thin and lovely like something in a picture. Ice was beautiful. White, tonight, and shining, it was, shining with an awful aching glitter. He sped along, down the river. Right foot, left foot, right leg, left leg—that's the way to go along—fast, fast, fast. He was fast. So fast he'd won a dozen prizes. Fancy too. But he couldn't do any fancy things tonight. Just go right along. He pulled his heavy wool cap closer around his ears, hugged his collar together with his two gloved hands, squinted his eyes to the cold and the

brightness, drew quick painful breaths of the icy blue air.

THERE was a light in the window, and he could see Jim hunched over the table. He knocked. A strange old woman came to the door. She said, "What do you want?"

"I came," he said softly, "to see Jim. Tell him it's Eric."

The man got up from the table. He stood there and stretched out his hand. He said, "Eric, Eric, I've wanted you to come!" And there was his hand and he was gripping Eric's hand hard. He looked white and ill.

"Jim," Eric began, "I want you to know how—sorry I am. Both of us, Anna and I. Anna loved—"

It was strange to see Jim crying like that.

"Jim, I've come to take your baby home with me."

Jim looked up dully. "You can't. Eric, you—can't."

The queer old woman had the scrawny little mite on her lap, was trying unsuccessfully to feed it milk with a spoon. It squirmed and twisted and wailed thinly.

"She needs a mother awfully now. You don't know—you don't know what a mother means." Eric's voice was gentle. "When they're so little that way, and so lonely—"

The old woman was holding the child flatly against her breast, was rocking it clumsily. It kept up its thin crying, cutting the hot silence with a queer persistence.

"Anna can save your baby. She loved Gracie. She loves you." Eric came over and placed his hand on Jim's shoulder.

Jim looked up. When he spoke, it was thickly and with an obvious effort. "Eric, how can I let you have my baby? Eric, look what you've become!" He twisted his shoulder so that Eric's hand slid off.

ERIC looked at him a long quiet moment. "Yes," he said, flinging his head up, squaring his shoulders, "look what I've become!" and Jim turned and looked at him, standing there in the light, tall and fine, with his head up and his eyes shining.

Jim dropped his eyes.

"But this is no time to talk of what I am, or you are, or what I believe, or what you believe. It's

late. Let me take your little baby home with me. Home to Anna, where it can have a mother's hands to love it back into life, a mother's lips, a mother's warm breast."

Jim was crying again, that awful shuddering crying. "Take the baby home to Anna," he said. He looked stupidly about the room. "Gracie," he mouthed the words stiffly, "Gracie, you know, is dead."

The old woman bundled up the child in the shambling way that old women have of bundling up very little children. First with a clean blue blanket, then two indefinite colored ones, then a small greyish robe of some sort, and last with a heavy plaid wool shawl with fringed edges. "There!" she said. "There she is. She's stopped crying now." She held out her arms and Eric took the baby.

"Well, she won't be cold, anyway," Eric said shifting the baby against his shoulder, his arms under her.

JIM stood up. "Whatever happens—" he began queerly, and stopped, and began again. "Gracie left a message. 'Tell Anna,' she told me—in there, Eric, see, in that room, so little and alone on her pillows—'Tell Anna I love her. And Eric, too. I haven't forgotten one thing about Anna and me. Tell them I think I understand about their church and that I'm sorry for everything.' And then, Eric, she said, 'If the need comes—if the need comes—tell them to take my little baby.' " His cheeks were wet and his voice was so soft that Eric had to bend his head to listen. "This seems to be the need. God bless you, Eric! And Anna—"

"You'll be coming over in a few days," Eric said. "to stay with us for awhile. Your baby—"

"My baby!" Jim came across the floor and tremblingly undid the blankets in Eric's arms. He bent his head and kissed the little tender face. "Look, Eric," he said, and one of his tears dropped on the small cheek, "look. She is going to be like Gracie."

He opened the door, and Eric walked again into the glittering whiteness. When he reached the river, he sat down and held the baby on his lap while he strapped on his skates. And then off he sped, up the river, up the awful



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aching ice, toward home. The baby was heavy, and it was so far. Odd, he hadn't noticed before how tired he was, and how weak. He hadn't had anything to eat since noon. He held the little body tight to him and whispered a sort of song he'd made for his little son.

IT was so far. His shoulders and his arms ached with their burden. He had a knife-like pain in his chest. His thighs were numb and his feet were numb. "I bet you're hungry, aren't you? Baby—Baby—We'll be home in—a—little while."

So far. Dear heaven, how far! And how cold. Sometimes he forgot where he was, going along like that, an unwieldy bundle dragging at his arms. The stars were pasted on the bulging sky. The moon was only a thin white face. "Anna," he said between his teeth, "Anna, I'm coming. Gracie, can you see me going to Anna with your little baby? Gracie, can you?"

How long had it been? A hundred years? But here he was. Why, here he was! And his skates were slung on his back, and he was plodding up the quarter of a mile to home. The little stinging winds came by and scattered the diamond-dust snow, the trees swayed stiffly, dancers in silver shawls. And here was his door, and here was his own lamplight. It had been so far. He stumbled in.

Mrs. Anderson took the baby from him in strong capable arms. "You did get her!" she said.

Eric pulled his cap off, struggled out of his coat. Then he dropped into a chair by Anna's bed. "I took—quite awhile, didn't I?" He was so short of breath, and there was a pounding in his head. "How's the—little fellow?"

ANNA'S eyes were big and velvety black in the lamplight. She was pallid from weeping. Her hair hung all about her face. She pushed it over her ears with both her thin hands. "Oh, my dear, my dear—" Their baby moved his small arms in a waving motion, began to whimper.

Mrs. Anderson stood in the doorway, Gracie's baby still wrapped with the clean blue blanket in her arms. Mrs. Anderson's face was as white as chalk. She stared

at Eric. "Eric," she mumbled, "my God, Eric, look. This baby is dead!"

He was over to her in a flash, had taken the baby out of her arms. "No," he said, "no! How could she be?" He took her over and laid her on the foot of Anna's bed. "She's not dead! She's not. I tell you!" Desperately he chafed the little blue-white hand, patted the stiff white face.

"Eric," Mrs. Anderson said in a queer cold voice, "that baby is dead. Do you know how she died?"

He shook his head stupidly. "She's not dead, I tell you!"

"She smothered to death!" Eric looked at her unseeingly. "I was so careful—so careful—not to let her get cold. It was so cold—I sang to her."

MRS. ANDERSON held a mirror before the wrinkled little lips. When she drew it away there was no moisture on the shining surface. "She's quite dead. Eric, do you know what this means? The way everybody's risen up against you, the way they feel—" She looked at him. "They'll say you—"

Anna's voice came sharply to him where he leaned against the wall. "Eric! Look at me!"

He looked up at sound of her beloved voice.

"That baby is not dead. Come here."

He came and knelt beside her bed.

"Oh, Eric," she said, "don't you remember? I believe! We believe so utterly. Kneel there like that. So, with your head bent, and your eyes closed. See, I'll put my hand on your head, dear boy. Now," she said clearly, tenderly, "you must pray."

Mrs. Anderson turned and walked out of the room, leaving them with the child. She sat down at the kitchen table, got up and poked a stick of wood into the fire, came back. They were such sweet ones, those two. They'd been so popular at parties, playing and singing like they did, and going into gales of laughter. Everyone liked them. And then these missionaries had come along with their mad religion. It was heathenish, that's what it was. And now—and now if that baby was dead, if that baby was dead—why—

they'd hang Eric, that's what they'd do. They'd hang him! And what would Anna do, and her little baby? She couldn't take them with her. As it was, they might run her out because she'd gone to help them—

Eric's voice came to her calmly through the thin walls. "And, oh, I believe. I believe with all my heart that thou wilt listen—"

She found herself saying a little stumbling prayer. "Oh, God, save that baby from death. Give her back, give her back!" And then, "Oh, God, do this for Eric and for Anna, and for their baby. Oh God, I pray thee, I pray thee! And then, oh, God, I will believe."

And Eric's voice again so beautiful and calm, so beautiful and soft and calm, "And I lay my hands upon her, oh, my Father, and I pray that thou wilt give me strength. . . ."

HOURS crept by, slow-footed, velvet-footed. The snow came in great puffs against the windows, and melted there, and went sliding down the glass in thin silver trickles. The fire burned low. Mrs. Anderson went over and shook it up, came back and sat again at the table, her head buried in her arms. She slept, but dimly she could remember Eric's voice. . . .

And Anna lay wide-eyed, her throat tight and hot, her hands pressed together. And Eric knelt beside her, the still little baby there on the foot of the bed. And Eric's eyes were shining, and his cheeks were flushed, and his voice had never been so vibrant, so beautiful.

There was a knock at the door. Mrs. Anderson, asleep on a chair by the kitchen table, did not hear it. It came again. She stirred, raised her head and listened. "Who is it?" she called. She observed that it was nearly light.

"It's old Eric Johnson!"

Eric Johnson! She hurried to the door, flung it open. "What do you want?" she said.

A big gaunt man stood there on the little stoop, his hat in his hands. "I came," he said, "I came because—"

"Why?" she said. "Why?"

"Because I had to come. Something came to me. Something said, 'Eric, go to your son. Go to your boy. He needs you.'"

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Understand, any substantial decrease in the use of coal is reflected in the DECREASED EARNINGS OF EMPLOYEES of coal-carrying railroads, who may be working hundreds of miles away from the mines but whose pay-checks are provided out of freight earnings derived largely from the transportation of coal. In many of our towns, this phase brings idle time at the coal mines close to home.

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He brushed past her and into the kitchen. "And so I had to come. He's all I have."

SHE shut the door, turned, and leaned against it. "Funny you didn't realize that before." And then, "You're right," she said. "He does—need you." And she told all that had occurred.

"They've got the baby here, and it's dead?"

"Yes."

"Where's the boy?" Old Eric asked. "Eric's boy."

"The littlest one? You haven't seen him, have you?"

"No," he said, "not the little one. My son. My boy. Young Eric. I want him to come to me with this thing as he has come to me with all others. I want him to talk to me. I want to listen. He's all I have." He took off his coat and hung it by the door. "Where is he?" he said, "and little Anna?"

She pointed. "In there," she whispered, suddenly frightened of the stillness behind the door.

Eric walked over and opened it. He stepped into the room, Mrs. Anderson behind him.

A MAN, a young lean brown man, knelt beside the bed, his head pillowed on his arms. His dark hair was rumpled. He breathed easily with great deep breaths. He slept as only the clean tired young can sleep.

A golden-haired girl lay on the wide bed, beneath the bright quilt. She slept, too, her lashes making shadows on her white cheeks, her eyelids of blue-white transparency. In the woolly white blanket on the side next the wall lay her sleeping son. He stretched cozily, and did something queer with his mouth, something between smiling and yawning.

"Look at him," Mrs. Anderson said, "that one there. Going to be big, ain't he? Big like all your folks—" And then she gave a sort of smothered cry. She stared, and opened her eyes as wide as they would go. She said, "I'm dreaming. I know I'm dreaming. Look there, Eric! Look there. I saw—I tell you I saw—"

A great light seemed to pass across the old man's face.

In the golden-haired girl's arms, against her beautiful white breast, lay a very little baby in a clean blue blanket. When they bent over her it whimpered delicately. Whimpered, and nuzzled, and then began a lusty, indignant, red-faced crying.

The United Order Answers

Continued from
page 757

to attain a full measure of growth. Many carry the burden of inferiority complexes where social cleavages are pronounced.

4. The extension of satisfactory social and economic organization into a complex industrial development is a difficult task. The United Order carries the great principle of social justice and group righteousness into the dark corners of capitalism in a surprisingly simple and thoroughgoing manner.

5. The modern city has accomplished many noteworthy things. It has not yet brought real strength to bear on the eradication of its slums. The United Order Community organized on the economic and social basis of the community as the basic unit would have no slums. The United Order addresses itself directly to the gigantic task of eliminating poverty.

6. The breakdown of artificial

restraints should lead to an enlarged conception of the true dignity of a human life. With less of taking and more of giving, spiritual air should be freer. The unrestrained joy of normal living should find easier expression. A new song of life might well come to be sung under such conditions—a song of loftier theme, of deeper rhythm, of sweeter and purer tones.

SPIRITUALITY hallows life. It enlarges the soul and brings one closer to God. Spirituality broadens life and makes room for all mankind in the scheme of things. Spirituality brings into your lives that which is sacred and crowds out that which is coarse and vile. It is the seed of brotherly love, and through it God works to remake our souls.—Willis J. Lyman.

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The new KSL with its quarter million dollar transmitter on the shores of Great Salt Lake, is unexcelled in power and facilities anywhere in America. Unequalled location, high power, salt water ground, superb technical structure, give KSL incomparable advantages that are at once the pride and envy of the entire radio industry.

It was these natural advantages, plus an enviable reputation in the radio industry, that gave KSL, the oldest and largest commercial broadcasting station in this territory, the opportunity to choose between the two great networks, which it did after more than six months of negotiations with both the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company.



KSL brought Captain Dobbie and the Shell Happytime back to Intermountain America — a feature that the Shell Oil Company officials could not be induced to release over any other radio station in this territory.

A FEW OF COLUMBIA'S INCOMPARABLE ARTISTS ON KSL



Little Jack Little

Tony Wons

Nat Shilkret

Guy Lombardo

Howard Barlow

Freddie Rich

Ruth Etting



PONDER THIS ONE

SLOWLY the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves, nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it.

Texts of despair or hope of joy, or moan:
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs or cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it.
—Selected.

A TEXAS WOMAN LIKES THE ERA

BRETHREN," she writes, "I want to tell you, in a measure, how well I like the Era. * * * There is an article now running that enlightened me much concerning our civilization. It is called—"Civilization and the New Testament." I am so glad there is to be more of it. I love the poetry, particularly the poem called "Prayer." In fact, the Era is delightful all the time, and for me educational."

IDAHO ANSWERS ARIZONA

I NOTICED the criticism of Brother Hinckley's biographies of the presiding brethren, and I do not agree with the writer," declares an Idahoan—William A. Hyde, former president of Pocatello Stake. "It is just such touches as he has given to these pictures, that give life and reality to them. I do not know who could have done it just as well."

Differences of opinion are what make the world an intriguing place in which to live. We think Brother Hinckley has drawn delightful word-pictures.

AUTHORS TAKE NOTICE

WILL those who send manuscripts to the Improvement Era please address them to the editorial department of the Improvement Era, Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. Address personal letters to the person to whom the letter is to go, in care of The Improvement Era.

AII, HERE IS ONE WHO LIKES OUR POETRY

I READ your page of poetry each issue, and enjoy it very much," says a letter from Fern Christensen, Richfield, Utah.

SHE DOESN'T LIKE OUR "WESTERN"

I READ the story about the lad who stole the mail bag for a joke," writes Bess Foster Smith from Weiser, Idaho. "I couldn't see where that story had a real moral benefit. I have wondered how you justified the act. I think the sympathy is retained for the lad even in crime. Perhaps I am wrong, but you will not care if I express my opinion I trust."

Certainly not, Mrs. Smith; we like opinions if they are honest and frank. We didn't justify the Sanpete Kid, but he got in such a mess through his joking that we thought no sane young man would attempt the same foolishness.

HANDWRITING

ELDER MELVIN LeROY BRAIN, president of the Hamaakua Conference, Hawaiian Mission, was adjudged the best penman among the elders in the missionary field. Elder Richard F. Reese, Southern States Mission, won second place, and Orvil E. Beecher, of the Swiss-German Mission, third.

Many splendid samples of good penmanship came in from the various mission fields, but the judge named the sample printed here and two others the best of the lot. Since the best penmen among the missionaries probably responded to the challenge, Elder Brain, in all probability, is the champion penman among all the elders of the church now in the field.

Elder Brain is to receive six Oregon Trail half dollars; Elder Reese, four; Elder Beecher, two.



Melvin LeRoy Brain

*We stand for physical, mental,
and spiritual health through
observance of the Word of Wisdom.*

THAT "SHOOTING" CONTEST

SOME unusually fine photographs have come in from various parts of the United States and other parts of the world. We hope others will take time to send in "snaps" of interesting persons and things.

CHARACTER WRITING

AND now the editors of The Improvement Era would like to see some "character" penmanship. By that we mean penmanship that is individualistic—that is informal—intriguing. We believe that among mutual girls in all the world there are those who write such hands. Of course it will be difficult to select judges for such penmanship, because judgment will represent merely personal interest, but if the women are willing to allow three judges to decide which specimen is the most intriguing, the editors are willing to offer some more Oregon Trail Half Dollars. Ladies—all women are eligible—write this year's M. I. A. slogan in your most individualistic style in black ink—not blue black—on one side of a sheet of paper without lines and send it in. To the person writing the most individualistic and interesting specimen will go six half dollars; to the one writing the second best, will go four half dollars; and to the third, two half dollars. Specimens are to be in the office by January 1, 1933. Address: Character Penmanship Contest, The Improvement Era, Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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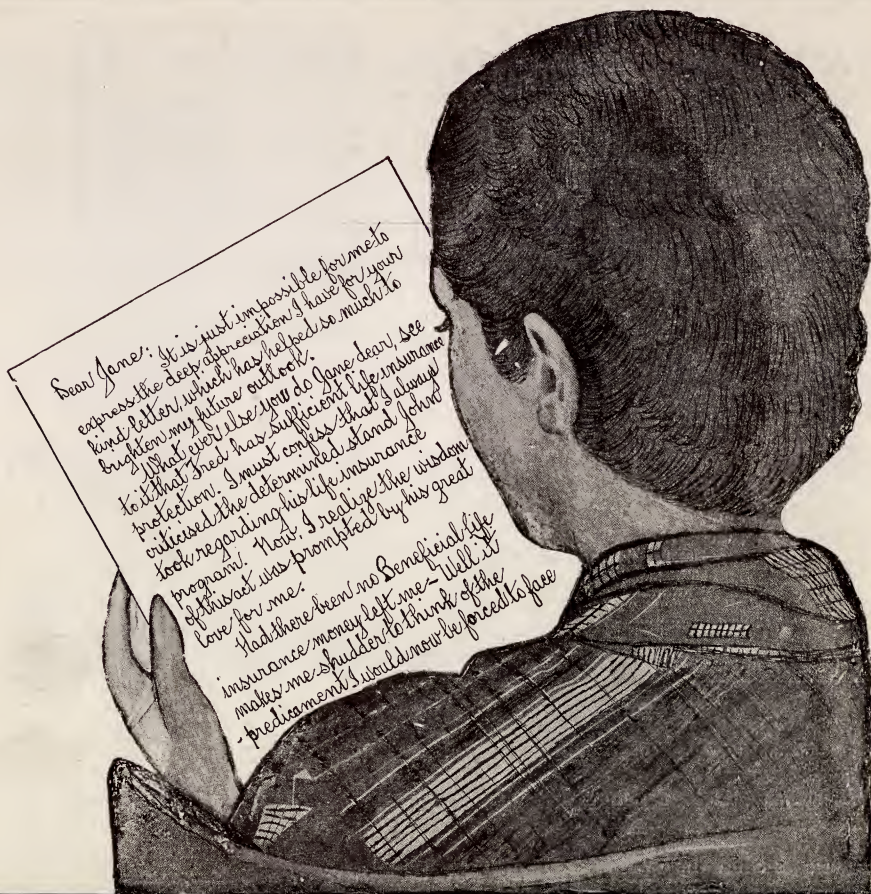
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